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NEW SOUTH WALES

Tonight we celebrate

... Happiness lies not in the memory of yesterday, but in the hope of to-morrow

MARGARET put down the phone feeling suddenly old and jaded. Imagine little Kitty Wade grown up and married—and here! Coming out to the house to-night!

It was just half-past five and the rest of the girls were leaving, but Margaret sat at her desk moving papers about unseeing.

Kitty Wade had been the little girl next door, and now she was grown up, and married. It didn't seem possible.

The office quietened down, and her memories closed in around Margaret. She and Tom had been married only a few weeks when she first saw Kitty. Tom had got a job in the laboratory of an electric company in the little town of Middlebank. They had found a lovely little house.

Margaret had noticed the little girl, no more than eleven or twelve, who had hung on the fence and whose bright eyes had inspected every bit of the shiny new furniture as it was carried into the house.

"Couldn't I help you?" the little girl had asked, wistfully. "It's awfully pretty furniture."

"Why . . . yes. Do you live here?"

"Oh, yes. My name's Kitty and I live next door, and mother said I'd be a nuisance if I came over here, but I came anyway."

So Kitty had helped Margaret to arrange everything, and had stayed and met Tom. They both liked Kitty, and she had formed an instantaneous and intense devotion to them, which was often embarrassing, for nothing they did was too trivial to interest her.

Gradually Margaret had learned about Kitty's home life. There were three other children in the family, all boys, and her parents quarrelled a lot.

"Hmf!" Kitty had sniffed the first time she saw Tom kissing Margaret. "You'll forget all that stuff pretty soon."

"And just what makes you think so?" Tom had asked teasingly.

"Oh, you just will, as soon as the newness wears off. My mother says so."

Margaret had tried to make Kitty understand that marriage was the most wonderful thing that could happen to two people; that it wasn't always a cat-and-dog affair. Unfortunately, Kitty's mother was a bitter, unhappy woman, and Kitty had absorbed a lot of it.

So for the five years they'd lived there Margaret had done what she could for Kitty. Then Tom had had an offer of a bigger and better job, and they had moved out of Middlebank. Margaret had missed Kitty that first year and they'd written back and forth, but soon the letters became further apart and, finally, they stopped altogether.

Thinking of Kitty and what she had said about waiting for the newness to wear off, Margaret pushed back from her desk and glanced around the office. This office with its desks and green filing cabinets was becoming more real to her than her home life these days.

When she and Tom had moved here his job had proved more demanding, both of his time and energy, than they had expected, and he was often very tired. Then she'd taken this job, and, suddenly, it seemed that their

life had become so very complicated and hectic. The inevitable nervous quarrels had followed, but they hadn't seemed to amount to much at the time. It was only when looking back that Margaret had counted their cost. Each quarrel had seemed to rob their marriage of a little more of its first care-free happiness.

Even though they were still married and occupied the same smart flat Tom and she had slowly become insulated from each other. He was polite and thoughtful, but she always knew that she never really seemed to reach him now, just as he never reached her.

Margaret fumbled for a cigarette and lit it. She'd better be getting home. Kitty, who was married now, and her husband were coming early—at seven. And shortly after that, if Tom were home, Kitty would see how utterly their marriage had failed.

But why did Tom have to come home to-night? Often he didn't, and if she gave him

By GERTRUDE VAN PELT

a ring maybe . . . maybe he wouldn't. She was at the phone instantly, praying Tom was still at the factory. In a moment his voice came over the wire, cool and uninterested, even after he'd recognised her.

"Tom," she said quickly, "are you coming home to-night for dinner, or are you working late?"

"I can do either," he said.

"Well, I'm having guests, and you wouldn't enjoy them much. So I thought . . ."

"Whatever you like," he said. "I'll get a bite out here, and get on with some work. Do I know your guests?"

"Oh, you used to know one of them. Little Kitty Wade . . . She's married now. Kitty

and her husband; they're staying in town for the night, and she rang me to say so. Well, see you later."

The instant she put the phone down Margaret felt better.

She hurried home to the flat and fixed herself a sandwich in the spotless kitchen, remembering the bright, gay kitchen she'd had when she knew Kitty.

When the doorbell rang at seven Margaret ran to answer it.

"Oh, Kitty!" she cried breathlessly. "You haven't changed a bit!"

"You haven't either, Margaret," Kitty said happily. "Where's Tom?"

Margaret led Kitty to a comfortable chair before she answered. "Working; he sent his regrets and his love."

"Sorry to interrupt," Kitty cried gaily, "but you'd better get a move on with the tea—Dave's arrived."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HUGHES

Please turn to page 4

Page 3

LUX...

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To-night We Celebrate

Continued from page 3

KITTY seemed genuinely disappointed. "Oh, that's too bad," she said. "But, of course, it was you I wanted to see most of all. You don't know how many times I've thought of you, Margaret. I wanted Dave to meet you. Oh, I forgot to tell you: he's coming at eight. He had to see a man about a job; that's why we're here, really. If he gets the job we're going to move here. Won't that be wonderful, Margaret?"

Margaret leaned back smiling. "The same old Kitty, telling everything at once! Now, let's take things slowly. How about this man of yours? Is he good enough for you?"

"I picked a man as close to my idea of Tom as possible," Kitty announced proudly.

Margaret was glad, all over again, that she had kept Tom away to-night.

"He's a good chap, Tom is," Margaret said, trying to make her words sound indulgently affectionate. "Remember the time you'd just waxed the floors with liquid wax and Tom barged in and walked on them before we could stop him—remember?" Kitty went on.

Margaret nodded, but she was watching Kitty now.

"You probably don't remember what you said then, Margaret, but I do. You looked

at your floors and you looked at Tom, then you said: 'You great, blundering idiot! But you weren't really angry, and Tom laughed and said: 'Here, Midge, I'll help you put the damage right.'"

It was ridiculous, but Margaret suddenly saw Kitty through a haze. She was back in that little house

—the first home—in Middlebank again, looking up at Tom's endearing grin; hearing the warmth in his voice when he spoke.

"You and Tom taught me so much . . . you'll never know how I appreciate it, Margaret," Kitty was saying. "You're responsible for my happiness with Dave . . . you and Tom."

Oh, no, Margaret thought wildly, don't let Kitty and Dave move here, and find out how we've drifted, Tom and I. Let her keep her happiness, even though mine is gone.

"Why, Margaret, you're crying!" Kitty's voice was startled, frightened. "Oh, it's nothing, but . . . but that's the sweetest thing anyone ever said to me, Kitty."

Kitty squeezed Margaret's hand. "I just had to tell you what you've given me. Mother and Dad are still fighting like Kilkenny cats, and Dave's parents aren't too happy either. You and Tom were different, something to live up to."

Suddenly Margaret heard the front door open. Surely it couldn't be Tom!

"Tom!" Margaret stared helplessly as Kitty ran to the door.

"Well, well!" chuckled Tom, giving Kitty a hug which made her wheeze. "If it isn't that lovable brat from next door, all grown up and so ladylike you'd hardly know her. Right, Midge?"

Midge! The sound of the almost-forgotten pet name trembled through every fibre of Margaret's being. That fond word belonged to another era; to the happy times that had gone.

"That's right, Tom," she said, hardly trusting her voice. "All grown up and married, and come to make us feel old and sedate."



"You don't seem to go back any further."

"Ha!" cried Kitty in loud derision. "You two . . . old and sedate? You haven't changed a bit, either of you."

Thank goodness, Margaret thought. Thank goodness, you don't understand that it's just an act; that Tom isn't really like this any more, and hasn't been for years.

Kitty was laughing. "It's fun, all being grown-up together."

"Life's like that," Tom said flippantly. "Kid to-day, kids to-morrow."

"We're going to have three," Kitty said solemnly. "Maybe four. That's the one thing I'm going to do that you haven't done; one way I'm going to improve on your performance."

"We wanted them ever so much," Margaret said quickly. "They just never showed up."

"Actually, we just couldn't agree," Tom said, but avoiding Margaret's eyes. "Midge wouldn't have a boy, and I wouldn't tolerate a girl, so . . ."

"I'm going to get some tea," Margaret said, heading for the kitchen.

She felt she had to go, for the urge to shout aloud: "This isn't Tom, really," was proving almost too much for her.

"Can I help, Midge?" said a soft voice beside her.

Margaret turned her head around startled.

"Tom!" she whispered. "Why?"

"Why did I come home, you mean?" He took her hands; first one and then the other, and held them very close to his lips.

This wasn't part of any act. He wasn't doing this just to impress their visitors. Margaret turned real. Margaret turned real. Margaret turned real.

"It's pretty simple," Tom said. "After you phoned, I did a bit of thinking. You knew I liked Kitty a lot. And you didn't want me to see her. The only reason I could think of was that you were ashamed. Not of me, but of what had happened to us. We both knew how Kitty felt about us; what a seven-day wonder our marriage was to her. I suppose neither of us realised what was in the making, but Kitty would have seen, suddenly, the finished product."

"No! Oh, no!" Margaret cried softly. "Not a finished product. There's nothing finished about us, Tom . . . There mustn't be. Let's start all over again. We . . . we could do that . . . couldn't we, Tom?"

Tom looked at her. He blinked rapidly once or twice, then he swallowed.

"Midge," he said shakily. "Midge, darling!"

Tom was kissing her when Kitty stuck her head through the doorway. They turned to smile at her.

"Disgusting!" she said. "I'm sorry to interrupt, but I thought I'd tell you that Dave is here, and when you can be bothered to think of such ordinary, everyday things you'd better make it four cups on that tray instead of three."

"Four cups, certainly not! Four glasses coming up!" Tom said briskly. "To-night we celebrate!"

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Interesting People



MISS MARION ANDERSON

. . . skied in Arctic

AMERICAN Vice-Consul and Economic Adviser to American Consul-General in Australia, vivacious Marion Anderson, newly arrived in Australia, has been serving U.S. abroad for nearly five years. After two months in Washington, spent more than two years in Stockholm and two years in Sao Paulo, Brazil. Reports on commodity and trade problems. Loves to swim and ski, which she learned to do in Lapland, way above the Arctic Circle. Favorite pastime is a game of poker.



MAJOR C. O. FAIRBAIRN

. . . rare daffodils

VICTORIAN grazier Major C. O. Fairbairn was recently awarded American honor of the Herbert Medal for his contribution to horticulture in raising rare daffodils. At his country property, Banongill, at Skipton, Victoria, has several acres under daffodil cultivation. Created more than a thousand new types of seedlings. Concentrates particularly on improving red and yellow varieties of daffodils and narcissus. Patient hybridisation has developed plants from imported bulbs which are now thoroughly acclimatised to Australian conditions.



MISS ROY SHARPE

. . . test pilot

BRITAIN'S only woman test pilot, Roy Sharpe, although she has a boy's name, is very feminine and charming. Learned to fly in 1938 and joined W.A.A.F. and later Ferry Command as a ferry pilot. Flew planes from factories to airfields and later Red Cross supplies to Europe. Is now test pilot for private aircraft firm, where she astounds prospective buyers of aircraft who don't expect to see a woman demonstrating the aircraft. Holds international closed circuit speed record for women of 332.79 m.p.h. No time for hobbies, but likes classical music.

RESTRICTIVE

Clause



ILLUSTRATED
BY DUNLOP

By ROY
BURLINGAME

MR. MATTHEWS thoughtfully shuffled the papers on his desk while Clyde waited, his thin features tight with apprehension. Finally the older man looked up.

"All right, son," he said. "Be here at eight in the morning. And I mean eight sharp."

"I'll stay up all night," Clyde said. He leaned forward expectantly, a slight, diffident figure in his ill-fitting suit. He fumbled nervously with the folded coat in his lap.

"Commendable, but hardly necessary," Matthews said dryly. He was a large man with heavy shoulders under dark blue worsted. There was no glimmer of amusement on his square features, or in the calm eyes behind thick spectacles.

"You might as well realise," he said, "that this job is going to be more difficult for you than it might be for another man without your background. Some members of the firm have already criticised my choice. Under the circumstances you're going to be subjected to constant inspection. The moment you fall down—" and Matthews shrugged his heavy shoulders expressively.

"That's okay with me," Clyde said. "All I want is a chance. I'll work like two men."

Matthews nodded in understanding and Clyde got up. From the pocket of the cheap suit he withdrew a manila envelope and laid it on the desk. "That's a copy of —, that is, it's a sort of a contract, I suppose. They told me to give it to you, so you'd know what I'm supposed to do."

Matthews glanced at the envelope

and rose abruptly to his feet. He held out his hand. "Don't you worry about anything, son," he said with unexpected warmth. "I'm glad to have you with us. It's going to be rough at first, but you'll make it."

Clyde shook hands, his eyes glistening with emotion. "Thanks, Mr. Matthews," he said unsteadily. "Thanks very much." And not daring to test his voice further, he turned and walked to the room.

On the bus going home he fidgeted in his seat with excitement, humming a tuneless melody over and over, barely able to contain the explosive happiness he felt. He got off at a narrow, shabby street of gaunt and peeling frame houses. It was a gloomy, untidy neighborhood of sagging porches and littered sidewalks; neglected garbage pails dotted the high kerb.

He turned in at the door of a house in the middle of the block and ran quickly up the stairs inside. In the darkness of the hallway he fumbled a moment with his key, then swung the door wide. He stopped short in sudden fear.

A man stood in the dim light beside the window. He was tall, skinny, with a narrow face. In one hand he held a large automatic. Another man, a shorter, heavier figure, leaned negligently against the wall. He reached out and pulled Clyde inside, kicking the door shut with his foot.

"That ain't Darcy," the tall one said plaintively.

The short man shrugged and released his hold on Clyde. "What's the difference?" he said. "I don't think this boy is going to throw us out. Are you, boy?" He looked at Clyde with a questioning grin.

Clyde controlled his breathing with

difficulty. "Who are you?" he said. His lips were dry and strained awkwardly over the words. "What do you want?"

The short man glanced at his companion. "Full of questions, ain't he?" he said. Both men were dressed in light grey topcoats. The tall one wore a hat pushed far back on his narrow, bony head. The other was hatless, his bald pate edged with a neatly cropped fringe. "He ain't nearly as hospitable as Darcy," the short man said.

"Now look," Clyde began. He took a step towards the short man. Without warning the stranger brought his arm around in a smashing backhand, the blow catching Clyde heavily on the mouth. He reeled back, eyes wide with pain and astonishment.

"That's all, brother," the little man said. "Now sit down some place and shut up."

Stunned, one hand to his aching mouth, Clyde sank down on the lumpy bed which was the outstanding piece of furniture in the dingy room. He stared helplessly at the two men. After a space the tall one stuck his gun in his pocket and peeled off his coat.

"Glad to see that settled," he said with satisfaction. He threw his coat on the bed beside Clyde and peered about the room. He frowned. "One thing we ain't thought about," he

said. "You got any food in this joint?"

Silently Clyde pointed at the midge ice-box and cupboard beside the window. There was an electric hotplate by the sink. Within a few minutes the tall man had the coffee pot going and made sandwiches from the small supply of lunch meat he found in the ice-box. His companion watched Clyde for a while, then joined him at the bare wooden table at one side of the room.

While they ate hungrily, Clyde remained motionless on the bed. His jaw ached and his lips were puffing rapidly. The whole thing was incredible. It was ridiculous. For a moment he thought wildly of leaping from the bed and making a break for the door. The notion quickly flickered and died. But who were these men? What could they possibly want with him?

The short man shoved the final bite of sandwich in his mouth and gulped noisily from his cup. He leaned back in his chair. "This is all right," he said. From the vest of his suit he drew out a cigar, bit off the end, and lighted it. "Yes, sir," he said. "This is real nice."

Clyde sat up on the creaking spring. "What do you want?" he said.

The short man's face was expressionless. "Nothing," he said. "We just dropped in on Darcy for a visit. How did we know the jerk was going to take off without telling nobody?"

"But you can't stay here."

"Oh, can't we now?"

"No," Clyde said. He got off the bed. "I can't afford any trouble," he pleaded. "Suppose somebody finds you here?"

"Then you might have some trouble on your hands," the short

"You've taken your time about coming to," Clyde heard one of them say as he rolled over and tried to stand.

man said. He was suddenly wary. "You got anybody in mind who might come mooching around?"

"No."

"Well, relax, then. And stop asking so many questions." He drew deeply on his cigar. "All we need is a place to stay for two or three days. Keep quiet and don't give us no trouble and I'll fix it up with you when we leave. Okay?"

"Two days! I can't stay here that long!"

"I don't see no way out of it," the short man said. "We leave you out, and right away you got to tell somebody there's a couple of characters in your room." He shrugged. "Then what?"

"But I just got a job this morning," Clyde said passionately. "If I don't show up to-morrow, I'll lose it."

The short man spread his hands in a helpless gesture. "What can I do?" he said. "But stop worrying. I said I'd fix it up with you, didn't I?"

"But you don't understand. If I don't—"

The short man got abruptly to his feet. "I understand," he said savagely. "Now shut up!"

"Look, mister," Clyde pleaded. "Be reasonable. I can keep my mouth shut. I'll do anything you say. I'll get you food, or anything you need. But you've just got to let me out of here in the morning."

"I've got to do nothing of the kind."

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Page 5

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 16, 1950

Heel blister? Stick on a Johnson & Johnson BAND-AID adhesive bandage — in packets 12 for 10d., 24 for 1/6 — everywhere.



Beauty and the Beasts

It was a fallacy that Pete loved all horses — he really only loved the ones which won for him.

It all started one fine day at the spring meeting, round the fifth race. We are all sitting in the Press box as usual, and Pete has ten through the board on Mohair, the even-money favorite. Pete has just lost the last three races on the photo finish, so he is in a rare and radiant mood.

"All right, Johnson," he mumbles, looking down at the horses in the gate, "give me an honest ride just once, you little crook. Just break that goat on top and then keep your thieving hooks off of him." Pete always has to brief his jockeys and wish them bon voyage. Johnson is the jockey who is riding Mohair.

The bell rings and they come busting out of the gate. "Get him up there!" Pete screams. "Hit him, Johnson, hit him! He's bigger'n you are!" They go round the clubhouse turn with Mohair out front by three. He's still out there when they turn into the back stretch.

"We can still see you, Johnson!" Pete screams again. "Don't go sawing on him! Keep him out there! He don't like company!"

As they near the far turn it's Mohair by five. "That's my boy, Johnson," Pete hollers at George Murphy of the "Journal," "best apprentice in the country! Got a clock in his head. Look at that Mohair, I told you about that bulldog blood."

Then the horses start coming up to Mohair. When they turn into the stretch he's racing head and head with Blue Mary and Sonny Boy. At the eight pole he starts weaving. That's all of it. Chuckleback comes up to nip Mohair for the show.

Murphy is pounding on Pete, showing him a ticket on Blue Mary, the winner. Pete is pointing down the track at Johnson. "That whole malicious breed of midgets ought to be deported!" Pete screams. "Those filthy beasts with them. So help me, if I ever bet on another one of Harry Duval's horses, I'll—"

He keeps on raving until I pick up a copy of the "Horseman's Herald" and start quoting to Murphy from an account of the Racing Association's last meeting:

"The highlight of the evening was a talk by Peter Farrell, noted sports columnist and turf authority. 'We must educate the public to the fact that racing is a sport, not a glorified roulette wheel,' Mr. Farrell warned. 'Only when patrons get a greater thrill out of watching two gallant thoroughbreds battling down the stretch than they do out of cashing a two-dollar ticket will the future of racing be guaranteed. Love for the horse, not the dollar, is what you must build on!'"

"Take it," Murphy says, holding out his ticket on Blue Mary. "I'm an uneducated, greedy old man. I called Blue Mary a dirty name while she was battling her gallant heart out down there in the stretch."

Pete just grunts and grabs a "Form."

"Pete," I say, "how can you loathe horses so and still say such sweet things about them?"

"It isn't easy!"

That's the truth. Nobody works any harder at being the accomplished hypocrite than Pete, and nobody makes a bigger flop of it. To read his column or to hear him after he has had a couple of winners you'd think he was the original Lord Derby the way he loves horses.

But let him have a few losers and that temper of his pulls back the curtains on the real Farrell, a man who loves only the winners, to heck with the rest of the breed. Fortunately these seizures always take place in the privacy of the Press box, and the rich owners whose idol he is never get a glimpse of those big clay feet.

The next race he puts twenty bucks and the kiss of death on Jolly Joe, a five-to-one shot. Jolly Joe lays fourth all the way down the back stretch and as they go round the far turn he starts moving up. As they

The Duke wins leaving Mad Lady behind, and Pete is nearly crazy, but somehow manages to keep quiet.

head for home he's on top and going away. Then it happens.

A white piece of paper blows out from the stands and across the track. Jolly Joe sees it and tries going over the rail. By the time Stevens gets him in hand again he's out of it.

Pete finally wears himself out and sits down. "Don't come near me, Joe," he tells me, "I'm cursed. Don't want it to brush off on my friends. Just what else can happen to me, I ask you?" He pauses in mid-oath and looks towards the door at the top of the Press box stairs. "Who's that?"

Looking the layout over is a pretty blonde thing of about twenty-three winters, very mild ones. I'm trying to figure out where I've seen her before when her identification comes puffing up the steps behind her. It's Hammond Wright, Pete's publisher.

He loves Peter. He owns a couple of horses and Peter Boy is always writing the grandest alibis for them. He shakes hands with Pete, then he says, "Gentlemen, I want you all to meet my daughter, Theresa. You'll be seeing a lot of each other the next couple of weeks, if Peter is agreeable."

Pete blinks, and Wright gives a little laugh.

"Theresa is a writer, too. Completed her master's in journalism this winter. She's using her head, though, and going into the book-writing end of the business. Her first novel is going to have something about racing in it. She loves horses. And she knows quite a bit about them too, but she asked me if I thought you could teach her some of the finer points of the game, Peter."

He gives his little laugh again.

"I assured her you could. I told her if there was ever a man who really loved horses, it's Peter Farrell. Any turf writer, I said, could give her all the technical information she wanted, but Peter Farrell could give her the real spirit of the turf, the hold it gets on you. How about it, my boy?"

Pete tries to keep the horror in his eyes from spilling over into his face.

"Why, I'd be delighted to help Miss Wright all I can. When do we start?"

"To-morrow," Theresa says, cycling Pete like she wonders if that dazed expression on his face is permanent. "Incidentally, Mr. Farrell, don't you think Johnson is one of the cleverest young riders around?"

"I said exactly the same thing to Mr. Murphy not five minutes ago."

Wright beams. "She can spot 'em, I tell you. Peter, we'll both be indebted to you for this little assistance. Give her the real feel of the thing, won't you?"

"Don't think I'll have a bit of trouble," Pete says. "She loves horses already and that's what counts."

They all shake hands again. Theresa glows at Pete once more, and they leave.

"I told you I was cursed, didn't I?" Pete moans, slumping down in a chair. "Calamity upon calamity upon calamity. Horses, jockeys, stewards, trainers, everybody plotting to destroy me, and I have to be a spiritual guide to a female who thinks Johnson is the cleverest little thing she's ever seen. Hold my coat, I'm jumping!"

"Just tell her what you tell us," Murphy grins. "All horses except those that win for Mr. Farrell should be chloroformed."

"You say one word about that and I'll kill you," Pete growls. "She's

serious about this thing. She'd tell her old man in a minute. He'd never get over it. He might think I don't mean what I write about those goats of his."

"Quit kidding yourself," I tell him. "You have just a couple of losers to-morrow and you'll throw one of your fits. She'll catch on."

"Oh, no," Pete says, "this is the new Farrell. For the next two weeks not an untoward word will pass these horse-loving lips."

Well, the next day we have a very nice attendance in the Press box. The boys from my paper as well as Pete's and Murphy's are out to see Peter try his wings in the new role. Pete tries to steer Theresa into the empty radio booth, but she says she wants to stay out with us, says she'll pick up more color that way.

When the horses come out on the track for the first race, Theresa clutches Pete's arm. "Aren't they beautiful?" she says. "Two-year-olds always get me."

Theresa sweeps those big brown eyes over the field and says, "Which one do you like? Or do you bet?"

Pete winces. He already has good money on Mad Lady. "Oh, occasionally I make a small wager. Usually just because I like a horse's blood lines. I rather like Gallant Duke in this one."

It's evident he's trying to throw Theresa's money away for her. She gives Slick Taylor, the runner, a ten. When the horses are gated all eyes are on St. Peter. Sure enough Mad Lady stumbles coming out and he arches up like he's been stabbed. She makes up ground though and is laying fifth as they near the far turn. Pete winks that everything is under control.

She gets her first call on the stretch turn and as they straighten out she is third on the inside. Pete is shaking like a wet spaniel, trying to keep from giving Stevens some sage and profane advice. As they pass the quarter pole, Stevens tries shooting through. The horse in front drifts over. It's the Duke.

Stevens takes up and tries going between horses. Hasty Lil drifts over just enough and Stevens takes up again. Then Sammy Boy comes alongside and the Lady is in the nicest little box you ever saw. The Duke, to everybody's surprise, takes it by a nose.

Pete has his face in his hands like he is trying to remove the eyes that witnessed such a horrible spectacle. But by the time Theresa has ceased hurling bravos at the Duke he has recovered.

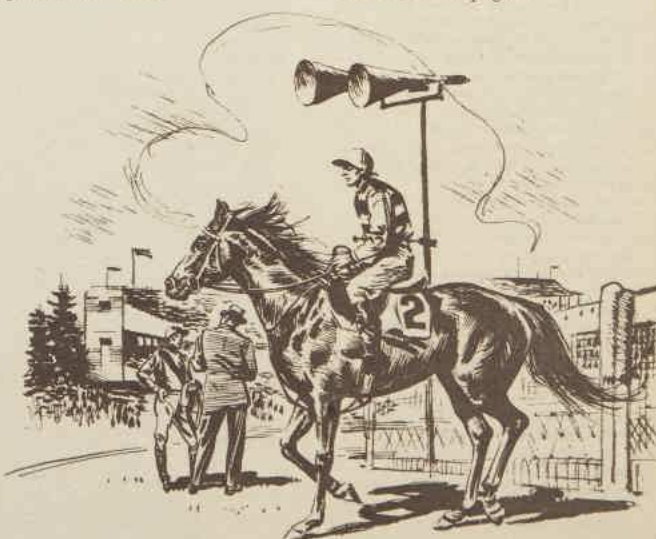
"Not because I had the winner," Theresa gurgles very becomingly, "but that was one of the prettiest finishes I ever saw. What happened to Mad Lady though? She couldn't seem to make up her mind."

"Those two young bandits—" Pete blurts out, "I mean, those two bandy-legged young gentlemen up front were too smart for Stevens. He was boxed. It's a regular practice, but not quite sporting. The race should always be to the swift, I say."

Every man present looks like he is going to be sick.

After each race it's the same business. Theresa winds up with a couple of hundred and the impression that Mr. Farrell invented the sport of racing. Mr. Farrell, himself, is out a hundred on his bets. He is also just about out of his mind.

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THE DARK BUREAU

By
ERNEST DUDLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN MILLS

JUST opposite the Ritz Hotel the taxi stopped. The man got out and paid it off and stood looking after it down Piccadilly, then he turned into the Green Park and began to stroll in the direction of Buckingham Palace.

The man was of medium height and slim build except for his shoulders, and they belonged to a middle-weight. His suit was made with a subdued elegance. His hat slanted over one eye, showing the grey hair at the temple, and giving his thin, almost aesthetic face a faintly rakish appearance. He wore a crimson carnation in his lapel, and chamois leather gloves, and he carried a malacca walking-stick.

He paused for a moment to light a cigarette. He smoked Turkish cigarettes. As he drew at it, a man who had been sitting in a chair apparently engrossed in an early edition of the evening paper stood up.

This man was sandy haired and untidy looking, and he threw the paper aside and then, after a moment's hesitation, picked it up again.

Then he came up and said without smiling, "I thought being stuck indoors all day it would do you good to get a breath of fresh air."

"I am suitably touched by your concern for my welfare." The reply came through a little smile and a cloud of cigarette-smoke.

"You know I always talk better when I walk," Tod Archer said. "I hope you don't mind."

"I know. And a little gentle exercise is nice."

Archer nodded. He was thinking of something else: he was inclined to have a one-track mind. His weakness and his strength. No, he said, he wouldn't smoke the Turkish; he preferred his own brand.

After he had lit his cigarette he plunged into what was on his mind. He talked quickly, earnestly, as if his life depended on it. There had been times, too, when his life had depended on his ability to talk fast.

He halted only to aim the newspaper he had thrown down and then picked up again into a wire rubbish-basket as they passed. He didn't make a very good shot of it. The

folded paper struck the edge of the basket and fell to the path, the pages sprawling untidily.

There was a banner headline across the front page: Television to Combat Crime-wave.

Archer bent and grabbed the newspaper in a large hand, and this time carefully pushed it into the basket. His companion smiled at him quickly.

"You seem to be having trouble with that," he said.

Tod Archer shot his companion a look of admiration. Algy Dark must have noticed him drop the newspaper before and pick it up,

Archer realised. Just showed how he never missed a trick, even a little thing like that.

He went on talking still quickly with great seriousness, a yellowing end of a cigarette stuck to his lower lip. The other man listened attentively, his eyes holding a far-away look, and the ferrule of his walking-stick striking the ground with regular sharp taps. He interrupted the monologue in his ear with only an occasional interjection.

But, listening to what Archer was saying, his mind went back to that day in his office when the sandy-haired man had come to him.



Algy Dark's eyes were fastened on the girl's face. "There's an influence which may dominate you completely," the gipsy was telling her.

It was soon after he had been put in charge of E. Bureau, quickly to become dubbed the Dark Bureau, so forcefully did Algy Dark proceed to stamp it with his flashing, dynamic personality.

Dark had approved the other's idea from the start.

"I think it's good," he had told Archer. "What we're looking for. Something that'll grip the public's imagination. Make them co-operate."

"Television people will have to play ball," Archer had said.

"You won't have to let that little thing bother you at all," Dark assured him.

And Archer hadn't had to worry about it. Everything had been laid on for him all along the line. Office at Television House next to the producer of the programme and all the trimmings. All the departments, Television House, Home Office, Scotland Yard, had collaborated with him as if nothing else in the world mattered except the success of Tod Archer's idea.

And so "Meet Your Criminals" was to make its debut to-morrow night. In a fanfare of publicity and a blaze of excitement, and destined to knock television-viewers out of their seats with its impact.

It was "Meet Your Criminals" which was the subject of Archer's long monologue this evening as he

and Dark walked across the Green Park. He had only just finished talking when at length they parted.

Archer picked up a taxi for Chelsea. Algy Dark turned back the way he had come and took one to the Hotel Mona Lisa in Greek Street.

The Mona Lisa was a small, shady-looking hotel which had in the past earned for itself a dubious reputation. Now the reputation remained, but the reasons for it had vanished. Although from the outside the upper stories still appeared shabbily sinister, the place was, in fact, the headquarters of the Dark Bureau.

Here Dark not only had his office, but a bedroom and a sitting-room.

Other aspects of the Hotel Mona Lisa were not entirely compatible

with its unsavory character—the proprietor, Nick Rocco—for instance.

Nick had all the earmarks of being no better than he should be, but he was in fact an extremely diligent, not to say invaluable, undercover man.

During the War he had been snapped up by Intelligence, and more than one enemy agent owed his capture to the man at the Hotel Mona Lisa. Now the Nick Rocco service was operating exclusively for Algy Dark.

Algy Dark paid off his taxi and passed through the swing-doors out of the shadows of Greek Street into the smoke-hazed glow of the Hotel Mona Lisa's bar.

He hesitated for a few moments on the fringe of the crowd, reflected in the mirrors behind the bar, his eyes on the black shiny head that was concentrated on the drink its owner was mixing for a jovial-faced individual who was a rather successful blackmailer just out from his latest stretch and already lining up another prospective victim.

The black head was raised, and Nick's eyes met Dark's and for a split second an almost imperceptible look flashed between them.

Algy Dark's gaze flickered over the backs turned towards him until it rested on a tiny red-haired figure at the other end of the bar. Even in the moment that his glance lingered, the girl had turned her head and slowly, though she didn't smile, her mouth curved and her eyes held his for a fleeting moment across her raised glass.

Dark turned away and went on up to his room.

As he carefully brushed his hair he frowned a little. He was considering the red-haired girl in the bar below. It was Nick who'd tipped him off, of course. Her name was Carson. Paula Carson. Had a flat over the other side of Oxford Street.

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She used a slight foreign accent which Nick had to admit he couldn't quite figure. Might be Italian or Portuguese, or could be one of the South American countries. Her accent, Nick decided, didn't go with her name or with the color of her hair.

Still, it could be neither of them was her own.

It seemed she worked for the London office of an American fashion-magazine. Certainly her clothes went very nicely with her tiny, slim shape. She had first appeared, to park herself in a high chair at the Mona Lisa bar, only a few weeks before.

She must have liked something about the place, because she was looking in now almost every evening. She always arrived and went away alone.

It was only a gimlet-eyed observer like Nick who would have spotted that subtle change of expression whenever she saw Algy Dark come into the bar. And she never missed seeing him whenever she'd been there. No matter how crowded the place was.

"No accounting for taste, of course," Nick had told Dark, "but something tells me it's not your masculine allure alone that interests."

"You cut me to the quick," Algy told him, and asked Nick what he thought it was all about.

"Search me. But I'll keep a peeper open."

"Do that."

But Nick hadn't come through with anything else about her.

Algy Dark was thinking now, as he carefully knotted his tie, was it about time he did something about it himself?

He adjusted the carnation in his lapel slightly and turned away from the mirror. He was about to light a cigarette, but he changed his mind and didn't, and went downstairs.

Algy Dark made his way with unobtrusive casualness through the mob round the bar until he found himself by the red-haired girl and asked Nick Rocco for a drink.

There was no flicker of interest on Nick's olive features as he served Algy Dark and then without so much as a glance at the girl moved off to attend another customer. After a moment Dark put down his glass and began to pat first his right-hand and then his left-hand pocket. Then with a little scowl he leaned across the bar to catch Nick's eye again.

"If you are dying for a cigarette I can save your life for the time being."

It was a low, husky voice, and the accent as Nick had said was difficult to place. He turned to discover that her eyes were a queer smoky blue and her lashes were thick and black.

"That's really very kind," he said, glancing down at the thin, gold cigarette case she held out to him. "But I'm afraid I smoke Turkish. Nick will bring me some in a minute, and I think I can last till then. Silly of me," he added, "to have left my case upstairs."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I smoke Virginians," and she put her cigarette case away.

After a few moments Nick slid along in Dark's direction and proceeded to produce a packet of Turkish cigarettes. Algy Dark turned and saw that the girl's own cigarette was half-smoked.

"You've nearly used that up," he said. "Try one of these?"

She shook her head with a little smile. "No thanks, these are had enough for me."

He nodded and lit a cigarette for himself.

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The UNKNOWN DISCIPLE

By FRANCESCO PERRI

SCORN and anger spread through Jerusalem when it became known that the young Roman aristocrat, Marcus Adonias, had given away all his wealth to the poor; and was roving round the villages of Palestine, enveloped in a kind of bed-sheet, and consorting with the rabble of beggars that followed Jesus.

Pontius Pilatus, receiving the report of it, at once took steps to have Marcus formally deprived of his title of Roman citizen. He called him "that madman."

But Marcus, as a follower of Jesus, was experiencing a new zest for life and discovering new values in things around him whose very existence he had never suspected. It was incredible how, in this state of wandering poverty, little things acquired an inestimable importance. Life became a succession of fresh discoveries every day.

Nevertheless, for Marcus there was one point that remained obscure. It concerned the personality of Jesus. Who was this extraordinary man that accomplished the most unheard-of prodigies every day?

At Bethsaida a man blind from birth had acquired powers of sight from a mere touch of his hands; at Nain he had restored to life a dead person, the son of a widow. But he had never said plainly who and what he was himself.

Though he was a favorite of the Master, Marcus had never ventured to put this question to him. But one day he plucked up courage and drew Jesus apart.

"Master," he said, "you know that I love you, but I do not know who you are. Tell me—are you the God-Man that everyone awaits, and that I have awaited since my earliest youth?"

"Yes!" replied Jesus. "I am he

whom all the world awaits, the Son whom the Heavenly Father sends among men, clothed in man's flesh, sharing their miseries, so that Justice may be overborne by Love and become Charity."

On that day Jesus spoke to his disciples with ardor tempered by deep sorrow. Standing by him as he talked, Marcus was alarmed.

"Master," he said, "your words appall me. I know that the divine Dionysus was destined to sacrifice himself for mankind, since only the sacrifice of a God can redeem the misery of man. Must you, then, die too? And is that why of late you speak so often of leaving us?"

"Yes!" replied Jesus. "I must die. My enemies will raise me on a cross. It has to be. How otherwise could you men look on me, and feel for me as a brother, if I did not share equally with you in the final misery of pain and death?"

Then he gathered all his disciples around him and made the great announcement more explicitly than he had ever done before.

"My beloved ones," he said, "my

hour is drawing near. Look! The bonfires are already burning on the hills to announce the coming Passover. Let us go also and celebrate together this last Feast, that there may be fulfilled, for the Son of Man, that which was announced by the Prophets.

"The Son of Man will be delivered into the hands of the priests and scribes, who will condemn him. He will then be handed over to the Gentiles, he will be mocked, spat upon, flogged, and put to death. Three days later he will rise again."

The disciples looked at him, dumb-founded. Peter exclaimed: "What is that you say, Master? We shall never permit it! We shall defend you to the last drop of our blood!"

But Jesus rebuked him with unaccustomed severity: "Silence, Satan! You are competent in earthly things, but you do not understand the ways of God..." Then he turned to Marcus Adonias.

"You, Adonias, will precede me, with your servants, to Jerusalem, and there make ready your house, for it is with you that I shall celebrate this coming Passover. And you, Miriam of Magdala, will also precede me and prepare the balsms for my burial."

A few days later Jesus, with the rest of the disciples, left for Jerusalem. Caravans coming from all directions were making for the Holy City, and the road was crowded with pilgrims, mainly from Galilee.

That morning Jesus walked in front of his disciples. He strode along with steps so brisk and determined that they had difficulty in keeping pace with him.

"He told us he was going to his death," said Peter to himself, "but see! he marches ahead of everyone, as though going to a wedding!"

However, the pilgrims from Galilee soon recognised him and began to shout and to acclaim him: "Jesus, son of David, Hosanna! He is the anointed of the Lord! He is that cures the sick and raises the dead!"

On reaching Jericho they found themselves surrounded by a vast multitude of people, amongst whom were heard more varied opinions.

"He is the Messiah! He is the King of Israel!" said some.

"The Messiah will be a warrior! This man has only poor fisher folk with him!" objected others.

Making his way with great difficulty through the clamoring throng, Jesus had almost reached the city gate, from which started the road leading to Jerusalem.

There awaited him Marcus Adonias, with his servant Simon and two of the latter's cousins, Martha



In the forefront of the vast crowd, Marcus, Miriam, and the disciples listened spellbound to the Master's words.

and Mary, who lived in Bethany. Their brother, Lazarus, the potter and friend of Jesus, had died three days before and they came with tears in their eyes to inform the Master of their loss.

Not very far from them stood a group of lepers, almost all women, who were uttering their usual mournful cry of Sedakah! Sedakah! Presently one of them, a big man, pressed forward to the Master.

"Sir," he implored, "take pity on me and my companions." He pointed to the little group of lepers. "We have travelled a long way across the desert to come to you because our faith is great. We are sure that if you will it we will be cured!"

"Very well," said Jesus, "I do so will it!"

He looked towards the group. At that same instant there was a deafening shout. All the lepers were restored to perfect health.

If Jesus had not made his escape into a nearby house, he would have been swept off his feet, so wildly enthusiastic the people became.

The tumult caused by this miracle lasted until nightfall, and the pilgrims, journeying on, declared they would tell the High Priest Caiaphas of it. This man was beyond doubt the Messiah.

When, on the tenth day of the month, Jesus came within sight of Jerusalem he was given a reception such as had never been given to any King since the days of Solomon. The fame of yet another miracle had been spread through the city.

In the village of Bethany, Lazarus, who had been dead four days, was brought to life before the eyes of the populace and of many pilgrims.

As soon as news of the arrival of Jesus of Nazareth reached the slopes of the Mount of Olives, there poured down the valley of the Kedron a vast cheering mass of people.

"He has come!" they shouted. "The King of Israel, the Liberator for whom we have waited for centuries, has come!"

"Behold the son of David, who comes in the name of the Lord! Rejoice, O people of God! Your King is entering the Holy City!"

Jesus, riding on a young ass with his disciples surrounding him, seemed to be gladdened by this triumphal reception. But he knew well that it was only a prelude to the bitter opposition of the Pharisees and Priests, who would never tolerate the idea of a King or a Messiah not consecrated by themselves.

Please turn to page 51



5 OUNCES OF YOUTH FOR CHRISTMAS.

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MADGE ELLIOTT AND CYRIL RITCHARD in costume for their lead roles in the Restoration comedy "The Relapse," in which they are now playing on Broadway.

Madge and Cyril plan return home

From LLOYD CLARKE, in New York

Australia's musical comedy favorites Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard have made a smash hit debut in co-starring roles in the U.S.

The play they are now appearing in on Broadway is Sir John Vanbrugh's 250-year-old comedy, "The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger."

AS soon as the play finishes its run Madge and Cyril intend to return to Australia for a season.

They may star in "The Relapse" for Australian audiences.

"No one can predict how long the play may run on Broadway," Cyril said when I interviewed him in his dressing-room. "But Madge and I are certain that we will head back to Australia as soon as we can."

"The Relapse" is a naughty Restoration comedy that was first presented at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, in 1696. Its plot concerns the outrageous philanderings of wayward wives, errant husbands, ardent heiresses, and lecherous fops.

When Richard Brinsley Sheridan, then director of the Drury Lane Theatre, re-presented the play in 1777, tightening moral standards forced him to rewrite large parts of it. Sheridan did not even dare to use the original title. He called it "A Trip to Scarborough." Most of the racy scenes were dropped.

In 1948, however, Cyril Ritchard, who had been wanting a part as far removed as possible from the singing and dancing roles of his earlier success, brought back "The Relapse" to the London stage in its original form. It ran for a year.

"After the play closed Madge and I were sitting back in our little London cottage wondering about the future when we received a letter from the Taits in Sydney asking us to go to Australia and play the leads in 'Castle in the Air,'" Cyril told me.

"We'd made up our minds to accept and to take the first ship home when the Brattle Theatre Company, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, cabled us with an offer to star in 'The Country Wife,' another Restoration play. "Frankly, I'd never heard of the Brattle Players. But I found out that they were a group of ex-Harvard theatre students who specialised in presenting old classical plays.

"We were told that they were an excellent company but that we shouldn't expect a season of more than a couple of weeks. This seemed to fit in with our plans to go to Australia. We decided we'd do the Brattle show on the way out.

"I was amazed when I saw them at work. In my opinion they are the finest theatrical group in the U.S., possibly the world. 'The Country Wife' ran for three months. "Then we decided to take 'The Relapse' on the road and to try to get a Broadway booking. I was given the director's job."

The two-week Washington D.C. try-out of "The Relapse" was booked out a day after the opening. Seasons of a week each in Pittsburgh and Detroit were also sold out almost immediately.

Richard Coe, of "The Washington Post," who has a reputation as a blase critic, said that the Madge Elliott-Cyril Ritchard appearance was "one of the most electrifying and heartening things that has happened to the American stage in a long, long time."

Coe added: "Chief of the gleeful board in 'The Relapse' is Cyril Ritchard's Lord Foppington. He is an outrageous dandy who thinks that every woman who sees him is in love with him. It is no mean triumph that Ritchard can make this mincing foolish fellow at once literate, amusing, silly, and honest. "And Madge Elliott as a frivolous widow will live in your memory."

Cyril's fine direction also received high praise.

"If it was Vanbrugh who contributed the lines of 250 years ago the current production surely owes its verve to Ritchard," Coe added.

Cyril said to me: "Our old dancing experience has been a great help in this show. We had to do a great deal of what Mr. Coe calls mincing. Mincing is really dancing, and we've applied our old technique to it."

New British peer says "Just call me John"

Good-looking Lord Kilbracken would rather be plain mister

By LORD KILBRACKEN

It is now two months since I learned in Perth, on October 16, of the death in England of my father, Lord Kilbracken.

As a result I was no longer plain John Godley. Through my father's death I had inherited, as his elder son, the Barony of Kilbracken.

OVERNIGHT I had become the Right Honorable John Raymond Godley, third Baron Kilbracken of Killegar, in the County of Leitrim, a Peer of the Realm with a seat in the House of Lords, and the right, if I so desired, to take active part in the debates there.

I'd rather be plain John Godley.

You are entitled to ask why these honors and privileges should fall upon me, writer and journalist, traveller, air pilot, and adventurer, with no greater qualifications than the next man for having a hand in the legislation of Great Britain. The answer is easy.

Forty years ago, the Liberal Asquith Government rewarded my grandfather, John Arthur Godley, with a peerage after a life-time of distinguished service.

My grandfather chose the title from the sleepy hamlet of Kilbracken, which nestles among green hills near my home, Killegar, in Ireland. When my grandfather died, my father, as elder son, inherited the title.

Now it has come to me, and my son has become the heir.

He is a curly-headed, flax-haired boy of six, the Honorable Christopher John Godley.

Perhaps you are one of those who believe that an English title brings money and riches with it. It brings nothing of the kind. I wish it did.

Members of the House of Lords receive no salary for their services, unless, of course, they hold a position in the government. Although on my return to England I intend formally to take my seat in the House, I have no intention of entering politics or of taking part in debates.

Under my father's will, I inherit the family home of Killegar, a rambling, 140-year-old, Georgian mansion, set in 400 acres of wild and beautiful Irish countryside. But rising costs and increased taxation have made it impossible to keep Killegar. It will be sold when I return to England next year.

What does it feel like to wake up one morning and discover you are a "Lord"? What difference does it make?

I'll try to explain. After two months I'm beginning to find out. And believe me it does make differences, though not perhaps the kind you might imagine.

I'll try to explain it this way. Anywhere I've got in life so far has been through my own exertions and the sweat of my own brow.

I joined the navy as ordinary seaman in 1940. I was 19. I learned to fly, was commissioned, and by



ROVING JOURNALIST Lord Kilbracken lounges in corduroy slacks and easy sports coat during his brief stay in Sydney en route to the Centennial Celebrations of the Province of Canterbury, New Zealand.

1942 led a naval air squadron in operations against the enemy.

Then for two years I served in MAC-ships, smallest of aircraft carriers. We took off and landed our Swordfish biplanes on a heaving flight deck 450ft. x 66ft. These MAC-ships (the initials stand for Merchant Aircraft Carrier) sailed under the red ensign with a merchant service captain and crew.

By 1945, when I was 24, I was lieutenant-commander and had completed 126 operational sorties. In these, the fact that I was the future Lord Kilbracken made surprisingly little difference.

The war over, I received an ex-

serviceman's grant to go to Oxford University. I worked hard for two years at economics and philosophy, spoke frequently at the Oxford Union, wrote for the undergraduate magazines, and just missed rowing in the boat race. I ended up an M.A.

On leaving Oxford, I joined the staff of a London daily paper as cub reporter with a salary of £10 a week. Within a year I had doubled this figure and established myself in London journalism. I am still a journalist, with a roving commission on my way round the world, and will return to a regular staff job when I get back to England.

My first book, "Tell Me the Next One," was published this year. My second is to appear at Christmas, a third in the early New Year. My fourth book will be an account of my drive across the world from London to Sydney.

These books, and all my work as a journalist with the exception of this article, appear and will continue to appear under the name of John Godley.

I have enjoyed the struggle for success and recognition, which is everyone's portion in life. It is far from won. But I have the satisfaction of knowing that every guinea earned was awarded on merit.

Will it be the same now? This article is a test case. Would you have read it with the same interest if it had been "by John Godley"?

For it spoils all the fun and satisfaction of turning out the stuff editors want to print, and you want to read, if it's published just because I'm Lord Kilbracken. I want to succeed because I can write, not because my grandfather was a good Liberal in 1910.

Then there's the personal angle. I'm easy-going and informal. I've made friends all over the world. I was plain John Godley then.

Now when I'm introduced it's as "Lord Kilbracken." And people seem to think that makes a difference.

I wish people would realise I'm the same guy now as I was two months ago.

In two months I have lost perhaps half the personal privacy which I enjoyed, like everyone else, till then. If I register at a hotel as Lord Kilbracken, it soon gets around. I enter the dining-room and there are stares and whispers. Soon, the Press

LORD KILBRACKEN, now an official guest of the Centennial Celebrations of the Province of Canterbury, New Zealand, is the great-grandson of John Robert Godley, who founded Christchurch on December 15, 1850.

On his way to New Zealand from London he drove nearly 20,000 miles in a car lent to him by Lord Nuffield. He shipped the car across the English Channel, from Calcutta to Perth, finally across the Tasman.

has been informed, and a reporter calls to ask me my opinions on this and that.

What do my opinions matter? There seems to be an idea that because I have a title I have inside information on all kinds of matters of which I know no more than anyone else. My opinions are no more important and no more interesting now than they were before I inherited the title.

Nowadays when I visit a club I have to be introduced personally to the secretary. When I stay in a hotel, the management has to inquire personally after my welfare. When I travel in a steamer, I have to dine at the captain's table. When I attend a dinner I probably have to make a speech. Yet I am exactly the same as I was two months ago.

I argued all these points, and others besides, with an Australian automobile engineer who drove over with me from Perth to Adelaide. He just couldn't understand my point of view.

He thought I should go right ahead and make the most of it. "Cash in on it," he said. The title was just something I'd inherited, just as some people inherit a money fortune.

Not important

HE pointed to others with well-known names who, as a result, receive preferential treatment wherever they go. I tried to explain that others have well-known names through their own exertions because they have achieved a reputation through their own prowess or skill.

He just couldn't see the difference.

I will never know now whether I have been invited to a party or a function because of myself, or because an ambitious hostess believes that a titled guest adds something to her prestige.

When I was plain John Godley, everyone accepted me at my face value. I had friends in every walk of life, high and low, and made new ones wherever I travelled.

Now, when I'm introduced as "Lord Kilbracken," I wait for the reaction.

Either the person is thinking, "Why should he have a title? What's he done to deserve it?"

Or else, "Fancy me speaking to a real lord!"

Both situations are equally unfortunate. The first starts off with feelings of hostility before I've said a word. The other feels tongue-tied and embarrassed and it's up to me to restore the equilibrium.

I wish both these types would get it into their heads that they attach far more importance to the title than I do. Just call me John. Treat me like an ordinary human being.

That's the way I have been treated for the past 30 years, and I haven't changed much in two months.

Couple will breed toy poodles

The Honorable Simon and Mrs. Warrender are importing four toy poodles from London to found toy poodle kennels in Australia.

MR. and Mrs. Warrender, who were married last July, intend to live in Melbourne for the next seven years.

Before her marriage Mrs. Warrender was Pamela Myer, of Melbourne.

"People think poodles are just lap dogs," said Mrs. Warrender.

"Poodles are lovable little dogs with plenty of character. Like children, they can be spoiled and become lap dogs, but like children they can be well brought up and be intelligent house companions."

The Warrenders first became interested in poodles when Simon bought Pamela a black toy poodle named Otello for a pet.

"In no time we loved that little dog so much we searched England looking for others of his breed," Mrs. Warrender said.

Otello will be registered in Australia as Toy of Merryland.

The three other poodles which are accompanying him to Australia are called Jennie, Louise, and Emma.

Jennie, or Merryman Jennifer, to give her her full title, is the four-months-old baby of the bunch. The Warrenders say she is a darling, full of fun and personality.



TOY POODLE FANCIER Mrs. Simon Warrender feeds a titbit to Merryman Emma in her London flat. Emma recently won a third prize in the Edinburgh Championship dog shows.

Merryman Emma is coming to Australia to whelp. Her puppies will be born in quarantine about Christmas time. Emma is the only cafe-au-lait poodle of the four. The others are black.

Louise, or Merryman Louise of Alderbourne, just scrapes into the toy poodle class. Toys must not be more than 11 inches high at shoulder measurement.

Louise is the only one of the Warrender toys with the proper poodle clip.

The poodle clip originated many

years ago when the dogs were used for retrieving. The heavy coat, which used to become sodden in water, was cut except over vital parts.

On a clipped poodle "bracelets" of fur cover the neck, kidneys, leg and tail joints.

It was this "lion clip," as it is called, that made poodles popular.

Queen Juliana of Holland, who has been a poodle fancier for many years, always keeps her animals clipped.

Another famous poodle fancier is Mr. Winston Churchill.

An Open Letter to
Husbands and Lovers...

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BEAUTY AIDS

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*P.S. Note to wives and sweethearts: Leave this magazine open
at this page, where he can see it.*

Maureen O'Hara is unspoiled by Hollywood

Irish movie star is as lovely in real life as in technicolor

By M. J. McMAHON

Decorative Irish-born film star Maureen O'Hara is no stereotyped Hollywood personality. Australians who have met her have been delighted by her sincerity and unaffected manner.

AFTER more than 10 years as a movie star Maureen is unspoiled and free from the artificialities of Hollywood.

Maureen is here to co-star with Peter Lawford in the 20th Century-Fox technicolor production of "Kangaroo."

She has a warm and friendly personality that suggests a dash of Irish ginger.

It is easy to understand why Hollywood rushes her into costume and color whenever there is a chance to do so.

Her strawberry-blonde hair that curls well below the shoulders rivals the sharp blues and vivid greens of technicolor scenery. Her figure is slim and rounded.

As well as being lovely to look at Maureen is as natural as her unplucked eyebrows, and can turn a neat wisecrack.

Finlay Currie, 72-year-old British character actor who flew to Sydney direct from Rome where he was working on "Quo Vadis" to play a main support role in "Kangaroo," said of Maureen, "She is one of the best representatives Hollywood could send abroad."

I couldn't agree more.

I interviewed her in a beflowered hotel suite the day after she reached Sydney by air.

No special wardrobe

SHE arrived with a summer wardrobe crushed into a couple of air-flight trunks, a hat-box containing a collection of hats that will make women sit up and take notice, and a cold in the head.

The highlight of the interview was getting Maureen into the outfit she is wearing in the photograph on this page.

Anyone who had managed to pass unnoticed into her room would have been treated to a scene of frenzied activity: Maureen, her hair tossed about in disorder, and clad in a white slip, bent over first one trunk and then the other, searching for something that would do.

With the choice narrowed down to the tulle skirt which had in some miraculous fashion emerged uncrushed, we both hunted for the knitted mesh sweater.

Now the pearls . . . where were the pearls? Two strands were clipped around the throat, and a long string of them linked around one wrist.

Finally Maureen clapped the large black hat on her curls, picked up an orchid from a side-table, settled herself on a chair, and became the poised and unruffled beauty as camera bulbs flashed.

"I have not brought a special wardrobe," she said. "I want the Australian people to see me as I am, not in clothes specially chosen for their benefit."

"I understand Christmas down here is much the same as our Californian summer, so I brought along my regular summer clothes."

"And speaking of Christmas, this will be my first spent miles away from my family. Does it take long to get overseas telephone calls through from Port Augusta?" she asked me.

She was relieved to hear it could be organised.

Happily married to studio executive Will Price and mother of a

chubby, blue-eyed girl, Maureen is obviously enthusiastic about Christmas.

Her eyes shine when she talks about her daughter.

"We named our little girl Bronwyn Bridget Fitzsimons Price," she explained. "It was an awfully long name to tag on to such a little thing, but she has grown into it so fast!"

"Last Christmas was Bronwyn's fifth, and she was then a kindergarten pupil. As every mother does, I waited anxiously for her first Christmas play, with visions of my daughter, dainty and delicate in her lovely costume, as the star of the play, 'The Christmas Fairy.'"

"Two weeks before Christmas, Bronwyn rushed home with the news. She had made the grade and was in the play."

"Oh, darling! I cried, 'I'm so happy, you'll wear blue organdie. . .'"

"At this point my daughter stopped me. In fact, she stopped my heart for several seconds after her next remark: 'I'm playing Dopey, one of the seven dwarfs.'"

"I almost cried," said Maureen, "but the night of the play Bronwyn marched, and spoke her lines, and crept on the stage like a tried troupier, and her father and I were very proud of her."

This year Bronwyn, now a big girl of six, will be giving piano renditions of "Silent Night" for patient and understanding friends while, her fond mother is somewhere in the Flinders Ranges of South Australia.

Maureen has been studying singing, as a more or less serious hobby, with the idea of one day appearing on the concert platform and in more singing films.

Hearing her mother singing round the house, Bronwyn decided to take piano lessons, and right now is playing two-page pieces with two hands.

Soap for beauty

WHEN I asked Maureen what beauty secrets film stars know that we do not she said none—absolutely none. For this she surely deserves an award for understatement.

"Beauty is lost by fooling too much with nature," she said.

Though the average woman worries about freckles, Maureen uses nothing to hide her own light and tiny ones, nor does her fine skin owe anything to cosmetics.

"Being a redhead isn't all peaches and cream, but I do believe that soap and water leads all the other beauty aids. I use a soft toothbrush on my skin to keep it clean and alive," she told me.

Perched on the arm of a chair she explained that all she gets from sunbathing is a good sunburn.

Extending a shapely freckled arm she laughingly remarked, "I'll have you know that THIS is my suntan."

Actually Maureen is an excellent example of make-up and costume co-ordination.

A vivid lipstick that has no suggestion of blue or purple is just about all she uses by way of cosmetics most days. Her good Irish complexion is smooth and pale, her hair the color highspot.

A favorite color combination is a grey background outfit topped off with a chartreuse coat.



GLAMOROUS FILM STAR Maureen O'Hara, who is visiting Australia to star in the film "Kangaroo," shows that her beauty is not confined to technicolor portrayals in this photograph taken during her brief stay in Sydney. Maureen uses little make-up apart from lipstick, says she inherited her excellent creamy complexion from Irish ancestors. She dislikes short hair styles and brightly varnished fingernails.

Diet? Just a minimum amount of constant care, since movie fans have a habit of letting their favorites know when they are offside the beauty border.

The postman brings an average of 5000 letters every month to the O'Hara desk in Hollywood. A great number of them are from Japan, the Indies, and Philippines.

Discussing her assignment to make a picture in Australia, Maureen said it is one of the most exciting events in her career.

"At home in Dublin as youngsters we used to talk about the land down under and think that if we dug deeply enough we would eventually arrive there," she said. "I'm thrilled to know that I made it without digging a hole."

The signal that she had been cast for "Kangaroo" came by long-distance telephone when she was out yachting with the John Fords and

their vessel put in briefly at picturesque Catalina Island a few miles off the California coast.

"It was a pleasant way to upset the trip," Maureen laughed. "I couldn't concentrate on fishing after that. My daughter caught 22 fish and the John Ford grandchildren caught 33 more. None of us adults caught any so we all packed up."

Husband directed

ALTHOUGH Maureen is still under contract to 20th Century-Fox, "Kangaroo" will be her first film for that company in two years.

She has recently been on loan to Universal and Paramount. She has just completed "Tripoli" for Paramount, which was directed by her husband, Will Price. This was the first time they have worked together on a film.

Maureen has also been working under a separate contract that calls

for one picture a year at R.K.O.

When she finishes "Kangaroo" Maureen hopes to take a good rest before deciding future plans. Her contract expires with "Kangaroo."

For several weeks before coming to Australia Maureen went riding in the bush country in the San Fernando Valley to get used to an Australian stock saddle, borrowed for the purpose.

The Valley, as it is called by Californians, is only a stone's throw from Hollywood. Its terrain is widely varied.

Maureen was accompanied on her gallops by Fat Jones, a Hollywood stunt rider, one of the town's best riding teachers, and owner of a San Fernando stable.

Maureen does not think there will be much horse riding in "Kangaroo" for her, but she is now prepared for whatever action scenes are introduced.



“THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING
IS IN THE EATING”

TOM PIPER *Rich* PLUM PUDDING

T O M P I P E R - T H E N A M E O F G O O D N E S S

Australian girl plans U.S. fashions



OVERSEAS fashion editor Florence O'Brien with a cashmere cardigan in which she clips pearl, rhinestone, or jet buttons. These are some of the accessories Miss O'Brien designed.

Visiting magazine editor has ideal air-travel wardrobe

How to plan a wardrobe for a six weeks' trip with a minimum 66lb. luggage allowance has been solved by Australian-born Florence O'Brien.

Miss O'Brien is a fashion editor with the Conde Nast organisation in America, publishers of "Vogue," "Home and Garden," and "Glamour."

MISS O'BRIEN is also an associate editor of "Glamour" and specialises in accessories.

She is visiting Australia to spend Christmas with her mother, Mrs. E. M. O'Brien, of Edgcliff, New South Wales.

The luggage she brought to Australia weighed only 62lb.

"Included in the 62lb. is a concession—instead of travelling with only one nylon nightie, I brought along my winter one as well," said Miss O'Brien.

"The difference," she answered to my query. "Well, it has long sleeves, and my family nearly died of laughter when I told them it was my WARM one, as it's feather-cloud light."

"The rest of my underwear comprises a white slip, a black one, one girdle, one bra, two pairs of pants, and a dressing-gown, all of nylon," Miss O'Brien added.

Because the American magazine "Glamour" mainly caters for the college girl and young business woman, Miss O'Brien is always thinking up new ways for the working girl and teenager on strict budgets to be well dressed, yet with a touch of high fashion.

One of Miss O'Brien's accessory ideas is a white mink neckband studded with diamonds.

"At least a girl can go home tired from the office and think, 'Well, I guess I'll wear my mink tonight,' just to give her a lift," said Miss O'Brien. "What does it matter if it's only a few inches of mink?"

Diamonds is the rage in New York at present and makes its appearance in all sorts of accessories for nearly every day and evening occasion.



BASIC hand-loomed black wool dress may be worn to the office at 9 a.m. or for m i d - morning town shopping.

DRESSED UP with an ermine scarf and pearls the same black dress as shown on the left may be worn for a dinner-date.

By . . .
JOYCE BOWDEN

Basic clothes

MISS O'BRIEN'S basic color is black. She spikes it with white, pink, red, and yellow.

"It is the ideal color to wear in the soot and grime of New York," she added.

Miss O'Brien buys good basic clothes, dresses them either up or down with accessories, most of which she has designed herself.

Her favorite color is pink because it is so flattering. But she can't wear it to work because it would stay fresh for only about five minutes.

"The clothes I have brought to Australia are really my basic wardrobe," she said. "In America, because of the air-conditioning, I wear the same clothes all the year round with the exception of a few inexpensive but good-looking summer cottons."

Miss O'Brien brought four black basic outfits to Australia. They are a black wool jersey, a black hand-loomed wool, black sharkskin and black linen separates—shorts, skirt, blouse, and jacket.

She has a short black chiffon dinner dress for restaurant dining, and black velvet pants to wear with a black Chinese cotton coolie jacket for lounging round the house.

Miss O'Brien brought only three colored dresses. One is a short dinner frock of apricot and white nylon with a matching apricot jacket, designed by Claire McCardell. Another is a red-and-white jersey frock, and a pink cotton for heatwave weather.

"I really go mad when it comes to a bathing-suit, and I've a bright scarlet one," she said.

Six different blouses were fitted into odd corners of her luggage. They include a French batiste, three linen blouses, one of organdie and pique, and a glamorous evening gown of Venetian lace.

A grey flannel skirt, a Jaeger coat in multi-colored plaid, a bright lime-yellow coat, and a tiny ermine scarf-wrap make up the rest of the wardrobe.

Keeping to a basic color saves space with shoes. Miss O'Brien has brought a pair of good black court shoes, a pair of beige linen, and a pair of sandals. She has gold mesh shoes for casual wear at home.

Her gloves are in black and white. They range from a wrist-length pair to 12-button ones. The fabrics are nylon, cotton, and kid.

Miss O'Brien's hats are small and are easily packed. They include a black velvet head-bugging hat which changes character with clips, pins, veils as trimming, a gold mesh hat trimmed with jewels, a white pique pillbox, a burnt-orange velveteen beret, and a pink shantung straw.

She bought her high fashion hats from New York designer Mr. Johns, and the white pique and berets at inexpensive shops.



SHEER BLACK JERSEY basic dress worn beneath lime-yellow topcoat is an all seasons, all occasions model. This dress is ideal for travelling.



LITTLE half veil and rhinestones dress up a black velvet hat for after-five.



GOLD mesh sandals are for casual wear around the house or for cocktail wear.



CURVED black kid belt trimmed with gold fleur de lis.



WHITE MINK band trimmed with diamonds, slips on around the neck.



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Bidomak is guaranteed to give amazing improvement within 14 days or your money will be refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Geelong St., Sydney.

Bidomak has made me a different woman. "I was completely run-down, everything got on my nerves. I was told to get a bottle of your great tonic and I have never regretted it... Bidomak has made me a different woman."

(Mrs.) M.O.B.

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The Tonic of the Century
FOR NERVES, BRAIN &
THAT DEPRESSED FEELING

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BOOKS TO GIVE

By AINSLIE BAKER

Here are some suggestions that will help you to choose your Christmas book gifts at a glance.

THERE are books for all members of the family.

Fathers, brothers "AFTER YOU, COLUMBUS," by Hakon Mielche.

Interesting and entertaining account of a voyage undertaken in a yawl of almost the same tonnage as the Santa Maria over the course sailed by Columbus four-and-a-half centuries ago on his first voyage to the New World. Illustrations.

"LADY, BEHAVE," by Peter Cheyney. Woe-cracks, cynicism, and a breakneck speed guarantee that Cheyney addicts will not be disappointed. Girls and drinks as usual.

"THE WILD MAN OF BADU," by Ion L. Idriesia. Vigorous, colorful story of a convict who escaped from Norfolk Island and became chief of Badu in the Torres Strait. Founded on fact.

"DESPERATE VOYAGE," by John Caldwell. Hair-raising adventures of the author's single-handed voyage from Panama to Sydney.

"THE BRAVE BULLS," by Tom Lea. One of the year's most forceful and vigorous novels. Bullfights, bullfighters, and bulls. Gripping, unusual, and worthwhile masculine reading. Drawings by author.

"MY OLD MAN'S BADGE," by Ferguson Findey. A tough, fast-moving story of U.S.A. cops and gangsters. Humphrey Bogart on paper. Perhaps for brothers more than fathers.

Mothers, sisters "FOLLOW THE SEVENTH MAN," by Robert Standish.

Those who love a romance will lap up this Edwardian story of English virtue triumphing over a sultan's cunning in the Far East. Color and incident, an incorruptible Englishman, and two women who love him.

"EMMA CONQUEST," by Rene Ray. The former English stage and screen actress ("The Passing of the Third Floor Back") writes about a girl's triumphant fight against a disastrous inheritance. Long, and it all comes right in the end.

"THE GRAND SOPHY," by George Heyer. Romantic tale of a determined and charming heroine who fights for her man in the fashionable circles of Regency London. "You can always depend on George."

"MISS TU," by Lin Yutang. A slender, moving, and simply told story of young love with a tragic ending, written by a Chinese author who enjoys a tremendous popularity among Western readers.

"THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM," by Adryth Kennedy. A warm and human story of family life among the Mormons of Utah in the latter half of last century. A first novel, by an author whose grandfather was a member of the sect.

"GYPSY SIXPENCE," by Edison Marshall. High adventure against a turbulent Oriental background in Victorian days. Love, hate, violence, and a woman of fatal beauty. By the author of "Yankee Pasha" and "Castle in the Swamp."

Boys and girls "BIGGLES GETS HIS MEN," by Capt. W. E. Johns.

The hero of a thousand boys and girls once again outwits the villains by fair play, personal bravery, and superior initiative—this time in Eastern Asia.

"A DOG FOR ROBIN," by Nancy Stuart Gurr. The adventures of Sausage, who is introduced into highly pedigreed society. For eight to 12 age group. Black and white illustrations.

"FIVE FALL INTO ADVENTURE," by Euid Blyton. Ninth and latest of the "Five" series, by a writer enjoying unrivalled popularity among girls from 10 to 12. Black and white illustrations.

"MEET SIMON BLACK," by Ivan Southall. The Australian answer to Biggles. An air race hero invents a supersonic speed aircraft, rescues a professor engaged on a secret mission in New Guinea. Thrills galore.

"THE STORY OF KURRI KURRI THE KOOKABURRA," by Leslie Rees. A charming little book, attractively produced, suitable for children from six to nine. Color plates and line drawings.

"POLLYANNA AT SIX STAR RANCH," by Virginia May Moffitt. A new Pollyanna book, in which she goes for a holiday to a ranch in Texas and makes a lot of new friends.

For literary sophisticates "ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES," by Ernest Hemingway. The most-copied of all pre-war literary giants still writes with vigor and vitality. His first since "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Not for the squeamish, and received with more criticism than acclaim overseas, but for Hemingway fans a "must."

"PIRATES AT PLAY," by Violet Trefusis. An intelligent, adult, and sharply satirical novel about the impact of the son and daughter of an English Earl on an Italian family in pre-war Florence. The Scots author has already written three novels in French. Hailed by critics as a new author of distinction.

"THE DUKAYS," by Lajos Zilahy. A fascinating long novel of the magnificence, decadence, and eccentricities of an ancient and aristocratic Hungarian landowning family.

General "THE CREST OF THE BROKEN WAVE," by James Barke. Fourth and last of his semi-biographical novels dealing with Robert Burns.

"JOY OF YOUTH," by Patrick Hore-Ruthven. Letters to his parents, by the son of Lord Gowrie, former Governor-General of Australia. His wartime death is considered by critics to have cut short a more than usually promising literary future. A book of quiet charm.

"NOBLE ESSENCES," by Sir Osbert Sitwell. Fifth and final volume of a magnificent autobiography. The wit, awareness of beauty, and elegance of its predecessors, plus an informative study of great painters, musicians, and writers considered by the author characteristic of their age.

"PRELUDE TO WAKING," by Brent of Bin Bin. The fourth of a proposed series of five books by an Australian author whose identity has created lively interest among local and overseas readers of discrimination. Witty, original, and though perhaps caviar to the general, of rare flavor to the particular.

"HAPPY FAMILY," by Cornelia Otis Skinner. The autobiography up to the time she makes her New York stage debut—of the famous American monologist who wrote "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." Lively and as warm-hearted and friendly as a family Sunday dinner.

Editorial

DECEMBER 16, 1950

TAKE THE WOOL FROM OUR EYES

IT is not often that a film star provides a lesson in economics, but a smart little publicity stunt to which Maureen O'Hara lent herself recently emphasises a danger to our economy.

Soon after her arrival from Hollywood Miss O'Hara posed for a Press picture while she photographically fingered a skein of a new textile called nylon knitting wool.

Sweet-faced Miss O'Hara made the bright picture that her fans have come to expect, but the underlying significance of it was black for Australians.

The grim fact is that synthetic wools and wool substitutes are on the war-path. And anyone who can work out a household budget knows that this could bring disaster to Australia.

But, people will say, no substitute could be as good as natural wool. It wouldn't be as warm, or as cool, or as this, or as that.

This comfortable attitude ignores the history of science. Who would have thought in the last century that you could make buttons from milk or the loveliest sheer stockings from coal, air, and water?

There seems to be no limit to modern molecular manipulation.

That is why America's vast chemical combines, which have never been the kind to pour good dollars down the drain, are spending millions and millions on SOMETHING TO BEAT WOOL.

Meanwhile, the way to successful marketing is being made easier for them by soaring wool prices, which are threatening to put many woollen goods beyond the average purse.

Australia's answer must be energetic and large-scale research into new adaptations and improvements of wool, and into the possibilities of combining wool with synthetic fibres.

Nothing should be spared in this fight. It could mean economic life or death.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—DECEMBER 16, 1950



"Great!"



"I remember my mother-in-law saying: 'Take good care of my little girl. Remember she's just a helpless woman entrusted to your safe-keeping now.'"

It seems to me...

A WARNING to housewives that appeared in print the other day struck a quaint wry note in the middle of cataclysmic events.

It referred to germs that lurk in the dishcloth. Somebody—I forget who, but someone of authority and qualifications on the germ front—spoke of the dangers of the kitchen dishcloth to health, said that a long-handled mop, boiled frequently, was the desirable washing up implement.

You can't quarrel with the information. It's probably very sound. But it reminds you afresh how strange is civilisation, forever guarding against new sources of infection and danger, demanding its bread wrapped and its milk sealed—and quite unable to cope with such results of progress as the road accident rate.

It develops labor-saving devices, cuts down working hours—and has a higher rate of neurosis and dyspepsia than ever before.

And, of course, continues to discover life-saving drugs and ways of prolonging the life-span while hovering on the edge of ultimate disaster.

ANOTHER item on the health front, and one that gives me some pleasure, is the announcement by an English professor that you don't need fresh air in a room when you have a fire going.

He has spent some considerable time proving this with human guinea pigs. It sounds a lovely job for winter.

What I like about the upsetting of established beliefs, such as the vital need for fresh air, is that it saves the necessity of accepting anything as a fact.

You can take your choice in a lifetime of the habits that suit you, wait till someone announces them as scientifically sound, and turn a deaf ear to any later announcements to the contrary.

A BOOK called "Stop Forgetting," recently published in the United States, holds that the memory must be trained like a muscle.

The author advocates that shoppers shouldn't rely so much on lists but should train themselves in remembering the household supplies.

Apart from the fact that it is likely to make the shopper unpopular in the training period (arriving home without the tea and butter, for instance), the abolition of list-making would deprive a lot of us of much harmless pleasure.

Is there anything that signals the approach of a holiday so happily as beginning the list, putting "money," "tickets," "keys" at the top, underlining them three times, and then beginning to work out the wardrobe?

As a confirmed and ardent list-maker, I favor the complicated kind, kept in three separate columns headed "To take," "To do," and "To buy."

Nor do I think it harms the memory in the least. You still have to remember what to put on the list and, when starting to pack, what on earth you've done with it.

PARIS police trapped two gangsters in a cafe recently. A detective noticed that one of them used a burglar's tool—a long-bladed knife—to clean his nails.

A woman burglar would never make a mistake like that. She'd use a nailfile for picking locks.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 16, 1950



Dorothy Drain

By

PEOPLE have been talking for so long about sensible dress for men in summer that you would think the matter would have been settled long ago.

In fact, it's such a chewed-over subject that one hesitates to bring it up again.

Nor would I, except for the incident in Brisbane lately when a businessman was rebuked for being inappropriately dressed in the members' reserve at the Brisbane Cricket Ground.

According to reports he was neatly dressed in khaki shorts, long stockings, grey shirt and tie, and carried a sports coat. It sounds proper to the point of conservatism, but evidently it wasn't proper enough for the trustees.

Such incidents as these show how hard is the way of the dress reform exponent.

One of the chief arguments you hear against shorts or the abolition of the collar and tie in hot weather is that not all men look well so casually dressed. Of course they don't. They don't look well in stifling three-piece serge either.

Some wouldn't look well in anything—a fact which can apply to women too, only we do try harder, don't we, girls?

IT'S sad to learn that the Pamir and the Passat, among the last of the big sailing ships, are to go to the shipbreakers.

They were survivors from another age. Man has devised incomparably speedier and more comfortable means of transport, but he never produced anything more beautiful than a sailing ship.

The ghosts of old sailors will pay their respects when the ships are broken up for scrap, and thousands of people who don't know a halyard from a capstan will mourn their passing.

AN Adelaide gunsmith has invented a bullet-less gun "for the protection of women." It produces a loud report and a flash.

Life in the suburbs will be fraught with exciting possibilities and sleepless nights when a few of these get into the hands of the nervous.

No need to get up and see what the funny noise is in the kitchen. Simply fire off the gun, doubtless provoking a chain reaction from neighboring houses until the most respectable area sounds like Chicago.

THE B.B.C. is reported to be considering banning crime programmes next year during the Festival of Britain in case visitors get a bad impression of British taste.

Visitors are coming, so, children, please be good. The problem of impressing them is faced. Let's see from the beginning that it's clearly understood that at heart we're really highbrow in our taste.

A little chamber music and a documentary. Perhaps a few reviews of films and books. Are what we chiefly favor from the dear old B.B.C. Not nasty thrilling things on crime and crooks.

Oh, politicians' speeches our listening ears entrance; But stay, as hush, another point of view—We have a solemn duty, and, of course, there's just a chance

The visitors like blood and thunder, too.

**NOW! Dental Science Shows that
Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with**

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

**Better Than Any Other Way
of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Reports
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HANDSOME COUPLE. Edmund Playfair, second son of Brigadier and Mrs. T. A. J. Playfair, of Woolahra, and his bride, formerly Janet Browne, youngest daughter of Mr. Maurice Browne, of "Uplands," Young, and the late Mrs. Browne, leave All Saints, Woolahra, by car after their marriage. Couple are honeymooning at Surfers Paradise, and will live at "Lyella," Bethungra.



BRIDE WEARS BLUE. Mrs. Frank McCall-Power, formerly Cynthia Salisbury, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. W. Salisbury, of Bellevue Hill, wears ice-blue Italian brocade gown for her wedding at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street. Bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Power, of Neutral Bay. Couple honeymoon at Wrest Point, Tasmania, before moving into flat at Bellevue Hill.

★ SOCIAL JOTTINGS ★

AFTERNOON tea with the Winston Churchills was highlight of Mrs. Percy Spender's 13 weeks' flight round the world with her husband, who is Minister for External Affairs.

"They are a charming couple," she told members of the Royal Empire Society at the party given in her honor.

"We had tea and scones on the lawn of their lovely home, and just behind us was a lake with black swans from Australia gliding on it."

"I was amused when we were strolling through the garden later, and came to the goldfish pool. Mr. Churchill promptly fetched some

worms and began feeding them.

"Then we came to a massive red brick wall surrounding their kitchen garden and orchard, and he informed me he built it himself. That's something we can all tell our busy husbands!"

BABY TALK: Excited grandma Mrs. A. S. McDonald told me daughter Sheila, now Mrs. Cliff Johnstone, will call first baby Diane.

NO transport difficulties for guests who are invited to attend Christmas party given by genial host George Falkner and his attractive blonde wife, Pauline. Hear that George has arranged to have guests flown in special plane from Sydney to property, Haddon Rig, Warren, for party, and then flown back home again. Suppose by the time their baby daughter Frances makes her debut guests will be able to make the journey in a matter of minutes and be shot off by jet plane or flying saucer.

EXPECTED to see perfect blueprints for a perfect house from those two newlywed architects Bob and Meg Spooner.

However, they decided that lack of suitable land would keep any house for them in the blueprint stage so are testing their skill by extending heck home of Meg's parents, the K. J. Gordon Smiths, at Rose Bay, to form two flats.

SO many uniforms at Officers'

Mess Christmas party at Schofields that it could have been lifted out of the 1940 Sydney scene. Officers in formal mess kits and pilots of City of Sydney Squadron mingled with guests, and just for good measure a Mustang and Beaufighter were parked outside on the floodlit lawn. Guests, greeted by C.O., Wing-Commander Gordon Steege, and his wife, Joan, included Mr Vice-Marshal McCauley and his wife, Group-Captain Bill Garling, from neighboring station at Williamstown, and C.O. at Richmond, Squadron-Leader Marsh, and wife.

LOTS of "talent" at Prince's when some of Sydney's prettiest girls are squired by blokes from the bash in final fling before boys return countrywards after coming down to Sydney for the Playfair-Browne wedding. After hectic week of partying few decided to have quiet evening at Prince's.

"Primmie" Anderson Stuart, Carol Forbes, Di Dawson, Muriel Jackson, Penny Willman, Diana Calder, Morna White, and Frances Horton Browne were a few of the lassies. Particularly eye-catching was Frances' short black sheer tucked dinner-dress, worn with white head-lugging hat of petals of white daisies.



COCKTAIL PARTY for visiting cricketers in Brisbane. June Johnstone, Armidale (left), chats with Mr. J. H. Nash, one of the managers of the M.C.C. team, Godfrey Evans, and Pat Hartigan, daughter of former Queensland cricketer Roger Hartigan.



BIRTHDAY PARTY. Shirley Hall (third from left), who takes the role of Emily in Mr. Warwick Fairfax's play, "A Victorian Marriage," which had its premiere at Lady Fairfax's home last week-end. Shirley is photographed with Bob Taylor (left), Mal Holden, and Bruce Manion at her 21st birthday party at the Picknick Club.



CHRISTMAS PARTY. Pauline Matthews (left), Jean McLeod, and Ruth Noutland, who are secretary, treasurer, and president of social committee of Australian Association of Therapists, at the Association Christmas party for students, graduates, and teachers at Orana Club Rooms, Bent Street.



DINING AT ROMANO'S. Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Arch Chapman, who were married recently in San Francisco and flew to Australia on honeymoon trip before returning to San Francisco to make their home. Before marriage Mrs. Chapman was Florence Beroni. Arch is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Chapman, of Kirkham, Camden.



TECHNOLOGY RECEPTION. Cookery student Margaret Porter offers sororities she and fellow students made for annual reception of New South Wales University of Technology at Darlinghurst to Mrs. Gerald Cranney and her husband, who is undergraduates' representative on the Council.

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 the easy care of it!

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friends... there's
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POETS IN PRIVATE

MRS. PARKER: a woman's poet

● It is axiomatic that most jesters are sad. Certainly the truth of the Pagliacci idea is borne out by Dorothy Parker, contemporary wit and poet, whose name has come to stand for the wounding, vitriolic wisecrack.

DOROTHY PARKER'S wit has been called bitter-sweet, but it is more bitter than sweet. Alexander Woolcott described her as "an odd blend of Little Nell and Lady Macbeth" because of the shy, soft voice and timid manner with which she delivers the murderous ripost.

During the 1920's and '30's, Mrs. Parker was the person around whose name gathered all the bons mots of the time, yet she is a desperately serious person, capable of depicting heartbreak.

It is usually the heartbreak of a woman, as when she writes in her short stories of a girl's agonised wait in vain for a telephone call from a man friend tired of the association, and of the day-by-day cruelties of woman to woman.

For although Dorothy Parker's style is straightforward and masculine, she is herself feminine, emotional, and avowedly superstitious.

She loves dogs, flowers, and pretty clothes; she is very near-sighted, but refuses to wear glasses in public. It may have been a fragment of autobiography when she wrote:

*Men seldom make passes
At girls who wear glasses.*

Born in August, 1893, she was the only child of a Jewish father, Henry Rothschild, and a Scottish mother, the former Eliza Marston. She appeared prematurely at West End, New Jersey, where the Rothschilds, confirmed New Yorkers, were staying.

Small Dorothy Rothschild was sent to a private school that, rejoiced in the name "Miss Dana's Academy," but her mother died very young, and Henry Rothschild entrusted the little girl to the nuns of the Blessed Sacrament Convent in New York.

She did indifferently well at school, with high marks in English composition and music, and an all-time low in conduct. Climax to a series of escapades was a religious essay in which she flippantly explained a solemn Catholic dogma in scientific terms.

This was too much for the already harassed nuns, who bundled her back to her father.

He died when she was in her teens, and his income died with him. Penniless, Dorothy set out to support herself by jobs such as playing the piano at a dancing school.

On the strength of some contributed freelance poems, she finally gravitated to journalism with a job in 1916 as caption-writer on "Vogue." The net result for writing scintillating copy all the week was ten dollars, eight of which went on rent.

Towards the end of 1917, she

moved to a more impressive job on the magazine "Vanity Fair." There she shared an office with fellow humorist Robert Benchley. Life was gay when the lovable, bibulous Benchley was in, but Dorothy was somewhat bypassed by callers when Benchley was out.

She solved the problem by bribing an office painter to letter the word "Gentlemen" on the office door.

In the midst of 1918 American war fever Dorothy married a childhood friend, Edwin Pond Parker, a week before his division sailed for the front.

The plump, dark, big-eyed bride kept on her job while awaiting his return. Shortly after the Armistice she became a dramatic critic.

Her talent for writing annihilating criticism soon had Broadway talent screeching like parrots. She reviewed Channing Pollock's play "The House Beautiful" in one sentence: "The House Beautiful" is the Play Lousy.

Similarly, in "The Lake," Katharine Hepburn "ran the gamut of the emotions from A to B."

Marriage failure

WHATEVER anguish her failing marriage may or may not have caused, the public Dorothy Parker was gay, if brittle and sour. Few people dared attack her, knowing they would get far worse than they could possibly give. However, she was bested once unintentionally by her maid.

The occasion was one in which Mrs. Parker indulged her passion for animals to the extent of bringing home two alligators she had found in a taxi and lodging them in the bath. She went out again and on returning to the flat found that her maid had departed, leaving this note:

"I will not be back. I cannot work in a house where there are alligators. I would have told you this before but I didn't suppose the question would ever come up."

In 1927 Dorothy Parker became book critic ("Constant Reader") on the "New Yorker." As such she reviewed a book of A. A. Milne's Christopher-Robin whimsy with the confession: "Tonsant Weader frowed up."

The following year, however, when her marriage ended in divorce,



DOROTHY PARKER became a legend in the 1930's as a flippant hater of both sexes, but in her poems and stories she depicts sympathetically the heart-aches of every woman.

her first collection of poems appeared and was that modern phenomenon, a best-selling book of verse.

The rather soulful girl with a cloud of dark hair had given place to the trim, thin, fringed career woman in October, 1933, when she married movie actor and script-writer Alan Campbell. They have lived ever since in Pennsylvania or Hollywood, except when Campbell served as a lieutenant in the U.S. forces in the war. Her most recent book of poems was dedicated to him.

Through the 1940's a feud, possibly temperamental in origin, developed between Dorothy Parker and Clare Booth Luce, wife of the millionaire publisher of "Time and Life," whose views swerved nearly as far to the Right as Mrs. Parker's to the Left.

When Congresswoman Luce attacked President Roosevelt, Dorothy observed it was time Mrs. Luce retired to her "ivory sewer." In another verbal running battle, Mrs. Parker remarked when Mrs. Luce arrived at a New York first night: "There goes Arsenic and Old Luce."

Yet this savage jester, who set the craze for feminine self-debunking, who wrote blasphemy as a child, and all through life has taken perverse delight in provoking enemies, has a seldom-paraded vein of tenderness. Typical of this other Dorothy Parker is the Christmas poem, "The Gentlest Lady":—

*They say He was a serious child,
And quiet in His ways
They say the gentlest lady smiled
To hear the neighbors' praise.*

*They say upon His birthday eve
She'd rock Him to His rest
As if she could not have Him leave
The shelter of her breast.*

*They say she'd kiss the Boy awake,
And hail Him gay and clear,
But, oh, her heart was like to break
To count another year.*

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Restrictive Clause

Continued from page 5

WITH his shoulders drooping in defeat Clyde turned away to hide the tears of frustration welling in his eyes. Suddenly he lost his head. He turned quickly on the short man and swung. The other ducked skillfully, an expression of mild surprise on his plump face.

The tall man rose from the table with an unhurried movement. He brought his gun down in a short, explosive arc. Clyde's knees buckled, and as he dropped the toe of the short man's shoe caught him under the chin. And somebody pulled down the shades.

He awoke on the floor beside the bed, the rough flooring scratching his cheek. Rolling over he crawled painfully to the bed and pulled himself up on his feet and stood there, sick and dizzy, until the room stopped spinning. The strangers sat at the table against the wall, cards sprawled before them. The short man glanced at Clyde with a pleasant smile.

"Hey," he cried. "Our boy is back again." His voice was light and friendly. "How's about whipping up some food?" he said. "You been taking your time coming to and we're hungry."

It was after three by the cheap alarm clock on the table beside the bed. Clyde noted the time with astonishment. He had been out for almost an hour. A wave of bitter, futile anger welled up inside him.

Angrily he set about making fresh coffee and frying eggs from the small stock in the refrigerator. He slammed the plates on the table and slumped morosely into a chair. The tall man watched him warily, the gun an obvious threat beside his hand.

"Now, now," the short man said placatingly. "No need to carry on like that. Just remember; one more wrong move out of you and I'll finish you for keeps." His voice was still friendly, still light, but there was no mistaking the edge behind it. Clyde drank a cup of coffee in silence.

And then the plan presented itself. It grew swiftly from a ridiculous idea to a strong, workable solution.

He covered his elation with a heavy frown, and when he was sure he had himself under control he glanced over at the short man.

"Let me ask a favor," he said. "One small favor and then I'll shut up like you said." The short man ate silently, eyes on his plate, and Clyde hurried on. "Let me call my boss and tell him I won't be there in the morning. Let me fix it so I got a chance to go back after you leave here."

The short man adopted a look of patient resignation. He looked at his partner. "What do you say? Do we let the boy call his boss, or don't we?"

The tall man moved his shoulders in a casual gesture. "Suits me," he said.

The short man stood beside Clyde at the telephone. "I'm giving you a break," he said. "One wrong word and you're done. Understand? Now hurry up and get it over with—fast."

Clyde dialled and a moment later was answered by the deep, resonant voice of Mr. Matthews. He wet his lips and fought to control their trembling.

"This is Linton," he said. "Clyde Linton. I called to tell you I can't make it to-morrow like I said. No, sir. Not for the next couple of days." The short man made a rapid, chopping motion with one hand. Clyde spoke hurriedly. "You got no right to get mad, Mr. Matthews. Right there in paragraph three of the contract it says I can do this. This third paragraph. Read paragraph three, and you'll see what I mean."

The man at his side doubled his fist menacingly, and Clyde hung up with a shaking hand.

"What's all that about paragraph three?" the short man said.

"Nothing. It's just a chink in the contract that gives me a little leeway," Clyde's mind raced furiously and he fought to keep his voice steady. "Say a guy signs up to go to work on a certain day," he explained. "Maybe he can't get away from his old job right away. In the contract there's a clause, or whatever you call it, that covers things like that."

The short man was still suspicious, but he let his hand fall to his side. "Okay, bright eyes," he said. "But that's as far as we go with you. From here on out you sit tight and you don't get to call nobody else."

That was at four thirty. Mr. Matthews' office closed at five. By six o'clock Clyde was ready to give up. The two strangers played their endless game of gin rummy at the table. Nothing moved within the house and the street outside was empty and quiet. Clyde moved restlessly about the room, tense and nervous. The thin-faced stranger glanced at him watchfully from time to time, the gun an obvious threat on the table beside him.

Please turn to page 25

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408SW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Personality Quiz:

ARE YOU CREDULOUS?

Here are some widespread beliefs. Some are correct, some are not. By answering true or false to each question you will find out if you are credulous, cynical, or half-and-half. Answers are on page 38.

- 1—Dogs are the most intelligent animals.
- 2—Captain Cook discovered Australia.
- 3—Lightning can strike twice in the same place.
- 4—Opals are unlucky.
- 5—Colors have an effect on the mind. For instance, yellow is cheering, blue is slightly depressing.
- 6—Half-castes combine the faults of both races.
- 7—Excessive sunbaking can cause skin cancer.
- 8—Carrots improve night vision.
- 9—All black fowls lay brown eggs.
- 10—You should feed a cold and starve a fever.

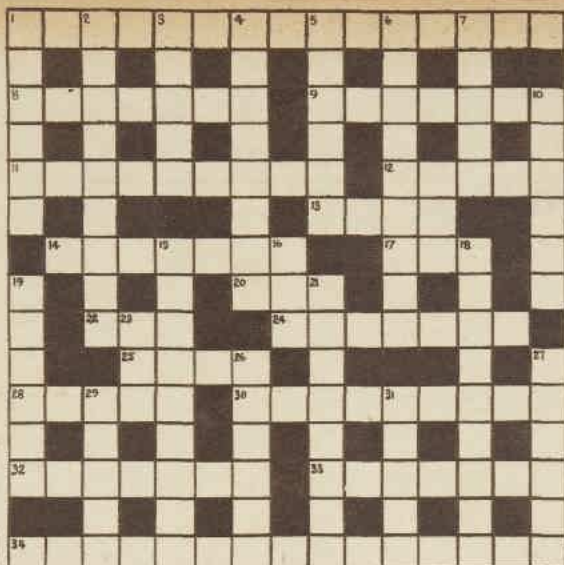
W 34.31

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Understudy and allure is not worth despising (7, 8).
2. Suffering a troubled mentor after tea (7).
3. In Katonuba there are three of them hard as rock (7).
11. Skinned ace (Anagr. 9).
12. Nura's disturbed criminal fire (5).
13. Relation between two sides of a triangle is mainly sin (4).
14. Coloring matter composed of a porker, a thousand, and a confused man (7).
17. Artificial language telling in plain English "Leave it to me, I'm O.K." (3).
20. Speck turns into a fox (3).
22. Find fault persistently in a small horse (3).
24. Her tail can run after a motor car (7).
25. Girl's name (4).
28. Highest Carpathian group in Czechoslovakia (5).
29. Brotherly meal among early Christians and every wedding breakfast should be the same (4, 5).
22. Baffling and troubling circumstances when I saw little Evelyn (7).
23. Regards everything as they are and puts muddled are before the salvage (7).
24. Can be applied to information not accessible to public, probably they come from the very back of the stage (5, 3, 6).

Solution to last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Be disloyal and gamble a sea-fish (6).
2. European who is no more we and one in spirit (9).
3. To correct so be it five hundred (5).
4. Head-coverings worn for tea, and make a piece of furniture (3, 5).
5. Haunt disturbed homes (8).
6. Famous Italian conductor headed by a famous Italian opera (9).
7. Sin me (Anagr. 9).
10. Chast. Edward and get superficially burned (6).
15. I am on grill (Anagr. 9).
16. Mount up nothing between te (3).
18. Working where a musical drama goes down; no, it goes up (9).
19. Trouble some person the French, use it in a mortar (6).
21. Cross a turned art in a stanza (8).
22. Parade a singing grievance (3).
26. Royal wretchedness (6).
27. Nations consumed in short streets (6).
29. Skin eruption after a cheering cup is rubbish (5).
31. French coin (5).

Restrictive Clause

Continued from page 24

THE knock at the door surprised Clyde as much as his guests. It was a short, gentle tap and he moved automatically to answer. The short man spun in his chair and stopped him with a look. His partner picked up the gun and held it in readiness. They remained frozen for a long moment. In the heavy silence Clyde heard the scrape of feet on the other side of the door.

"All right, Linton," a heavy voice said suddenly. "Open up and open up fast." Their was no mistaking the authority in the tone.

The short man swore explosively and leaped to his feet. The chair clattered to the floor behind him. "Cops!" he cried. He glared at Clyde. "You dirty, sneaking—!" He swung around on his companion as the tall man stood up hefting the gun uncertainly. "Put it down!" the short man snapped. "Use your head, you dummy." He jerked his thumb at Clyde. "All right, smart boy. Open the door."

Clyde moved dazedly, twisted the latch on the door, and swung it wide.

A man stood on one side of the opening. He was quite large with wide, powerful shoulders under a thick overcoat. Behind him in the shadows of the hallway was a uniformed policeman. The man in the overcoat stared at Clyde, his face calm and impassive. "Detective-Sergeant Rawley," he said. "People tell me you got trouble here."

Wordlessly Clyde stepped aside and the detective entered. He paused abruptly at the sight of the two men inside.

"Well," he said in a loud, pleased voice. "Look who we've got here." Clyde's guests were silent. They stood sullenly, backs against the wall, hands in the air. "Thompson!"

and the cop in the hallway came in swiftly. "Frisk the boys here," the detective said, "and take them downstairs. I'll be along in a minute."

When they were gone the detective turned his flat stare on Clyde.

"Friends of yours?" he inquired. "I never saw them before," Clyde said weakly. "They were here when I came back this afternoon."

"That so?" the detective said. Raising his voice he called through the open door. "Hey, Matthews. Come in here."

Clyde felt a surge of reassurance at the sight of Matthews' square, competent figure. Ignoring the detective, the older man walked over to Clyde.

"I was afraid I might be too late," he said, his eyes glowing with excitement. "It took me an awful long time to catch on."

The detective snorted impatiently. "Would you mind telling me what is going on? How come we walk in here and pick up two crooks the department has been looking for for over a week?"

"Who were they?" Clyde asked.

"Lou Thorne and Charlie Vincent," the detective said. "A couple of small time hoodlums. Stuck up a kiosk the other night. The tall one, Thorne, knocked out the owner."

"I know what you mean," Clyde said. He grinned and fingered the lump on the back of his head.

The detective stared at him narrowly. "Matthews tells me you're a con. You just got out on parole." He paused. "You sure you don't know those guys?"

"I never saw them before in my life, so help me." "Certain?" "Positive."

The detective held his glance a moment longer, then relaxed. "Maybe you don't at that," he said. "What gets me is how come they let you call Matthews. And how could you tip him off with them listening?"

Clyde eased his trembling legs and smiled shakily. "Easy. All I had to do was tell Mr. Matthews to read the contract."

Matthews grunted. "I didn't know what he was driving at," he admitted. "He wouldn't give me a chance to say a word. It wasn't until I got home that I began to get an idea."

"I called it a contract," Clyde added, "but it was really a copy of parole regulations. Paragraph three says a parolee must not consort with known criminals. I didn't know those guys, but I figured that would cover things. By telling Mr. Matthews to read paragraph three I figured he'd know that's exactly what I was doing. I only hoped he'd know I wasn't doing it on purpose."

"Well, I'll be —," the detective said softly. "And you got away with it, too." And then he began to laugh. He had a big booming laugh that carried throughout the house. At the door he paused and shook his head helplessly. "To think those characters got tripped up with a trick like that," he said. "And after all the times they've been out on parole themselves. Wait until I tell them this." He closed the door, and they could hear him laughing again as he went down the stairs.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



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if her hair were jaded and straggly.

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WORTH REPORTING

A 50-YEAR-OLD tortoise named Patrick was recently reunited with his owner, Mrs. Mary Bateman, an English widow, at Kyneton, Victoria.

Mrs. Bateman came to Australia two years ago to live near her two sons, Edward and John, and their families. She was happy in their new surroundings but she still missed Patrick, left behind in Bristol. He had been her constant companion ever since her pet dog, also named Pat, died 15 years before.

Her family decided that Patrick must migrate too. He arrived in Melbourne by ship a few weeks ago. Mrs. Bateman feels that Patrick, who originally cost a shilling at a Bristol market, is well worth his fare of £7/8/-.

His departure from England was timed to coincide with his annual sleep. He slept for almost the whole of the 13,000-mile voyage, conveniently waking at Fremantle.

Patrick always answers when called by name, insists on having his greens straight from the garden.

Years ago Mrs. Bateman devised a scheme to keep him happy with bought lettuce. She ties one with string to a stake in the ground, giving Patrick the impression that it is home grown.

Where women are the superior sex

WOMEN are far more important than men in the Khasi Hills of Assam, where children take their mother's clan name and the youngest daughter, granddaughter, or niece inherits the family property.

This information was given us by the Rev. Margaret Barr, Unitarian minister in the Khasi Hills for the past 15 years. She is at present visiting Australia on a lecture tour.

"Men seldom have any property, but always try to build homes for their daughters to inherit," she said. "The Khasi women are both moral and sensible, but the men are great gamblers and drinkers of a fermented rice beer, which is very intoxicating."

Khasis, according to Miss Barr, are short-statured, Mongolian people with narrow eyes and high cheekbones. Their culture is distinct from that of the rest of India. They are not Hindus or Moslems and have their own language.

In 1947 Miss Barr adopted Aimilda, orphaned granddaughter of Hajom Kisor Singh, founder of the Unitarian Church in Assam sixty years ago. Aimilda is now six years old.

Miss Barr, an M.A. of Cambridge, has started several Government schools in the interior of the Khasi Hills, and when she returns will open a Rural Training Centre.

She describes her work in Assam as "thoroughly satisfying."

"I love the people," she said. Miss Barr has a small timber bungalow, which has the only chimney in the village.



"It's a complete set."

My favorite poem

THIS is an excerpt from a favorite poem of Miss Dorothy L. Opas, of 3 Jackson Street, St. Kilda, Melbourne. Send us your favorite lines.

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

—From "He Wishes For the Cloths of Heaven," by William Butler Yeats.

"WE like the British. We like them because, for instance, they don't trample on their grandmothers to get into a bus or a shop. Not like a certain South American country we were in, where so many people leaped on to a bus that the whole side fell off into the street!"

Two American journalists, Oden and Olivia Meeker, said this when giving a talk over the B.B.C., telling listeners why they had decided to settle in London.

They wouldn't enjoy living in Australia.

Hand-kissing makes young girls shy

THE Continental manners of New Australians when asking for a dance sometimes embarrass their young Australian girl partners, Miss Polly King, publicity officer of the Y.W.C.A., tells us.

The Y.W.C.A. holds Saturday night "Open House" parties in Sydney for migrants.

"We think it is delightful that New Australian men kiss your hand and bow from the waist when asking for a dance," said Miss King, "but it makes the younger girls very shy."

The parties are so popular that migrants from as far as Canberra join in the dancing and games.

The Y.W.C.A. arranges luncheons in private homes so that New Australian women can meet Australian housewives. At Christmas a number of Australian families will entertain New Australians.

"Language is a problem, but signs, drawing, and gestures help us to get along very well," Miss King told us.

The Y.W.C.A. aims to have recreation huts in all migrant camps. There are huts in seven centres so far. At the camp at Uranquinty, N.S.W., the hut has six electric sewing machines, and instructors teach sewing and handicrafts.

With the lower third at a planetarium

ACCOMPANIED by a few elderly gentlemen and the majority of the members of the lower third of a preparatory school, we recently spent 18 absorbing minutes in the only planetarium in the southern hemisphere.

We had dropped in on the Qantas Exhibition in Sydney to look back on 30 years of progress from a single-engined Avro to fleets of four-engined Constellations.

Instead we were rocketed into space 100 miles above the earth's surface to study the stars.

Qantas had borrowed the Spitz Planetarium from the Technology and Applied Science Museum, Sydney.

"A planetarium is an instrument which projects on a dome a picture of the night sky," a voice told us.

Stars careered about above us.

With a lower thirder clutching a fistful of free pamphlets beside us we sat in the pitch dark and watched Orion's Belt, The Pleiades, and Taurus the Bull climb up the sky.

Sirius rose and set, and the Southern Cross careered about alarmingly.

We boarded a space ship (so the voice explained), and shot off 100 miles above the earth. The heavens milled about us.

"There is the earth down there, and the sun with Venus and Mercury following in over on our left," the voice told us.

We screamed back, and landed in Borneo.

"This sky is entirely different from that seen over Sydney," the voice said. "We now see stars watched by our A.I.F. boys fighting in the Borneo jungles during the war."

Breathless we returned to Sydney.

"Let's go to the South Pole," the voice invited.

Off we whistled in our space ship, and landed bang on the Magnetic Pole itself, where no matter where you look it is always south.

The stars seemed to have lost all sense of direction, and were whizzing round and round. So was the sun.

"At the South Pole the sun and stars go in circles," the voice said.

We panted and shut our eyes tight as the whole sky revolved like a merry-go-round.

Aboard our space ship again we roared for Sydney.

The 18 minutes were up.

"I'm going to be sick," announced a small voice of a lower thirder beside us.

We went for our lives.

Elaborate iced cakes for Archbishop

THE Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Fisher) and Mrs. Fisher are taking back to England with them two large Christmas cakes which were on the table at a civic reception for them in Brisbane.

One cake is a model of Canterbury Cathedral, and the other of the Brisbane City Hall. Gilt clasped hands connect the two.

The cakes together weigh 140lb.

A sixpenny picture postcard was the guide to the design of the Cathedral. The towers as well as the main structure are of cake covered with icing. Colored icing simulates stained-glass windows.

Mr. F. Purcell, Brisbane City Hall caterer, supervised the making of the cakes, and Mr. Wallace Rudkin iced them.

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For sleep and energy

Blue Water Calling

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

● Australian yachtsmen are preparing for the famous ocean race of 640 miles from Sydney to Hobart, beginning on Boxing Day.

FOR the five or six days during the race these rugged sailormen will lose sleep, eat when they have the time, and work like galley slaves.

They will live in a world of salt spray, heaving waters, flogging sails, and taut ropes.

The men come from office desks, factory benches, and dental surgeries. They are students, salesmen, bank clerks, builders, and lawyers.

The sea is their common denominator.

They will have trained for months, toughening their hands and feet, getting used to bad weather, fighting sea-sickness, and learning to live and, especially, to sleep in a rolling cockleshell.

To the landlubber all this sounds a nightmare. But it is the ocean-racing enthusiast's idea of heaven.

*"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast."*

This will be the sixth Sydney-Hobart race. Nineteen yachts will compete—11 from N.S.W., three from South Australia, and five from Tasmania.

The race, which is the longest in Australia and one of the three longest ocean races in the world, is conducted by the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia and the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania.

It will start at 11 a.m. on Boxing Day off Clark Island in Sydney Harbor and finish off Battery Point, in the heart of Hobart.



GETTING READY: Tryg and Mick Halvorsen, assisted by crew member Thor Gauslaa (left), put mast in their new boat Solvig at Sydney, N.S.W.



VICTORIAN cutter Westward (left), twice winner of Sydney-Hobart race, will take part in Queenscliff-Devonport race this year.

ALL HANDS to the halyards during tuning up aboard Westward. Owner L. Solomon takes wife and family along, too.



LEFT: Owner-skipper Bill Feig, assisted by Lance White (left), bends headsail on Sydney cutter Fortuna before trial spin.

ABOVE: Ivan Grahame and Alan Hart help skipper Frank Barlow (right) aboard the 63ft. Sydney schooner Mistral II.



CONSTITUTION DOCK, Hobart, where yachts tie up after the race. Thousands of sightseers visit the dock to see the boats after the race.

LAST YEAR'S WINNER, the all-steel cutter *Trade Winds* (below), owned and skippered by Meru Davey, of Sydney, beating up Derwent River, Hobart.

MATE PETER GREEN does a small repair aboard the Sydney ketch *Margaret Rintoul* (A. W. Edwards), which crossed the line second last year.



WE start getting our stuff together and Theresa gives Pete this marshmallows-and-whipped-cream look and says, "I've had the grandest time. I've learned things I never even dreamed of before. If you won't let me split my winnings with you, you've got to let me take you to dinner." That amounts to a command performance, Pete is too beat to try to lie his way out of it.

The next day Murphy is laying three to one that Pete won't make it through the third race. It's a bad bet. A twenty-to-one horse comes through for Pete in the first race and it puts him in such a fine state of mind he only grinds two teeth down to the gums when his next two finish dead last. Theresa also is in fine humor, the dinner evidently having brought out more highlights of the sterling Farrell character. She is calling him Peter.

In the fifth race Pete actually gets the best of a photo with a fifteen-dollar horse and he and Theresa glow the rest of the afternoon. Pete doesn't even seem distressed when she invites him out to the house that evening to look at some old horse prints.

And on top of that, it appears that Theresa is in love with our hero. She has those melancholy spells where she just sits there and looks calfish at him. Murphy, who's extremely bored with Pete's saintly deportment, makes the most of it.

"Brother, you've had it now," he tells him. "There's nothing deadlier than a woman who finds she has fallen for a phony. When this honeymoon between you and these goats is over, and you have your seizure, you won't be writing any turf copy this side of Argentina."

"Lay off the girl," Pete tells him. "She's not in love with anybody but these horses. Besides, I've got this thing licked. I've got so much self-control now the yogis are scouting for me."

The yogis begin looking round for new talent the next day. Pete doesn't have a winner. Not one that sticks, anyway. A fifteen-to-one shot in the seventh comes in for him but gets disqualified. Pete nearly strangles

Beauty and the Beasts Continued from page 7

trying not to preach his gospel that all stewards should be boiled in oil, sprinkled with the ashes of jockeys burned at the stake, and fed to horses.

His horse in the first race leads all the way to the stretch and gets bored with it all, finishing a lonesome last. Pete is almost surly, and Theresa is having one of her melancholy spells.

In the second race Pete's horse breaks through the gate and runs about a half a mile before the outsider pulls him in and brings him back. He has something left though. He finishes ninth.

In the third race a three-to-five horse he is trying to recoup on nearly goes up into the stands at the stretch turn and finishes sixth.

By the time the fourth comes along and Timber Duck tosses his rider coming out of the gate, Pete is a purplish green.

"Just one more bad break," Murphy mumbles, "and the place'll be coming down round our ears."

The fifth is the one we've been waiting for; Pete, Murphy, and I have a tip on a thing called Pitter Pat. It's her first out of the year and her owner is supposed to have been working her secretly at Smith Park, an old abandoned track about thirty miles away.

Most hot undercover items like that usually close at even money, but she gets in at sixty to one. Murphy and I nudge each other. Pete just keeps looking straight ahead working his jaws. Theresa is still in her trance.

Well, when they come out of the gate, Pitter Pat is right up with the leaders. She's running fourth as they go into the backstretch but then she begins to fade.

Going into the far turn a bunch of horses start moving up and we lose track of her. She doesn't get a call at any rate. Then they head for home. The announcer blares out: "It's Baker Boy by one. Nell S. and Night Time are racing head and head and here comes Pitter Pat running over horses!"

She's running on the outside. She takes Nell S., then Night Time, then

she edges by Baker Boy. She's got it. Then the ghastliest spectacle I've ever seen takes place.

Tipton mistakes the sixteenth pole for the finish-line pole. He cases Pitter Pat up, stands up in the stirrups. Three horses flash by him. I've seen it happen before, but it's never happened to me. I nearly faint. Not quite, though, because a scratch that still haunts me breaks loose in my ears. It's the Old Man of the Mountain, Peter Farrell.

"The Fifth Horseman!" he screams. "That's what he is! The Fifth Horseman! Fire, Pestilence, War, Famine, and Tipton! Raze this place and sow it in salt, wipe it from the memory of man!"

When the seizure finally burns itself out, he slumps down on his stool. There's Theresa staring at him with this wild look in her eyes.

"You miserable, miserable fake," she hisses and stomps out.

PETE is well and truly beaten. "What am I supposed to do?" he snarls. "Congratulate the little craven? Grand race, Tipton. You cost me fifteen hundred but you looked so magnificent for that seven and a half furlongs, just forget it. Pity it was an eight-furlong race." He shakes his head very sadly. "Let's get a drink, Joe."

We go down to the bar and even though I am one of the most heavy-hearted men in the country, I try consoling him.

"Don't take it so hard, Pete. Wright will probably say he'd have done the same thing himself."

"Who cares about Wright? It's that goofy daughter of his. I'm in love with her."

"Look, Pete, this is old Joe you're talking to."

"Typical Farrell trick. I find out I love her just as she finds out she loathes me."

There's only one thing you can do for a guy who has just lost fifteen hundred and his girl. I motion to the bartender to fill 'em up again. As I do, I spot Theresa

sitting at a table by the big window. She's nursing a drink and looking down at the track.

Pete sees her too. For the next twenty minutes we sit there plotting but we don't come up with anything. Finally the next race is about to get off and the drinkers drift over by the window to watch. We are about three people behind Theresa. She still hasn't seen us.

The horses get off and we hear Theresa give Kerry Lad an encouraging word so we're on his side. He's way back as they pass the clubhouse. At the half mile he gets a call. Around the far turn he's third and as they straighten out for home he's got a slight lead.

Just before the sixteenth pole there are four horses abreast. Then the one on the outside quits. It's Kerry Lad. There's so much jumping round and screaming and beating on the back I can't tell who wins the thing. Then my eyes nearly fall out.

The one doing most of the screaming is dear, sweet Theresa. I ease in and tap the turbulent Theresa on the shoulder.

"All right," she snaps. "So I'm not the Madonna of the Mares I pretended to be. But don't you dare tell Peter."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm going to tell him myself. I've got a lot to tell that big ape." Then she starts laughing and out of the corner of my eye I see Pete edging in closer from behind her. "Just what was that 'love thy horse as thyself' act of his anyway?"

"Very simple. He thought you were as goofy about horses as he was supposed to be. His reputation was at stake. He figured you'd tell your dad, if you ever saw the real Farrell."

She really starts laughing then. "Tell Dad! Why he thinks Peter is the biggest idiot he ever saw the way he goes on over horses. He calls him the Headless Horseman!"

"Headless Horseman!" I whoop. "That's good. Fits him exactly."

Pete gives a queer little smile himself. He looks like an amused cobra.

Theresa feels she has to explain further. "You see," she says, "this novel of mine is one of those psychological things. It's going to be about a bunch of people who pass for normal, but are really stark, raving mad. Dad said Pete would be a perfect model for one of them."

I don't know what's funnier, her story or the expression on Pete's face. "So," she says, "I thought if I acted like I was nutty about horses too that I'd get more action from my subject. I did, believe me."

"Then why the mad act?"

"Who wouldn't get mad? I have to listen to that horrible slush for a week and then find out it's all put on."

Pete is standing right behind her now.

"It was sickening, wasn't it?" I say. "We thought you were in love with him, you looked at him so funny sometimes."

"Oh, you didn't!" she whoops. "I always look like that when I'm about to be sick."

We get to laughing so much people are beginning to stare at us. They can't figure out why the man in the purple face isn't laughing too.

"Let me tell him," I gasp. "I'll make him suffer. You shouldn't be seen associating with such a man."

"Oh, no," she says, real hasty like. "I'll tell him myself. After all it's—"

"You don't mean you're going to have anything else to do with him! He's such a degenerate. Just walk out of his life."

She starts blushing again.

"Well, it's as much my fault as— I shake my head very sadly. "How anybody could fall in love with a man under such nauseating conditions!"

"Well, he looks so cute when he's mad."

Pete takes her by the shoulders and turns her slowly around.

"Take a good look, madam," he says.

I leave them debating who's the biggest phony and go out to the paddock and watch the horses. You can trust them.

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AFTER a little pause, the girl asked, "Did you say you live here?"

Dark looked at her. She wasn't wasting any time, he thought.

"Bit of a dump, I know," he agreed. "But I've had a room here for quite a long time, and I'm too lazy to move. Besides, they take care of me pretty well."

"I didn't mean to sound so surprised," she said. "It was only I didn't realise people came here except to drink and eat."

"Do you come here often?"

"Almost every night," she replied. "But," she went on, "I don't see why you should've noticed me. After all, there's quite a mob gets in here."

His glance travelled over her for a moment, and then he shook his head firmly.

"No," he said, "there's no excuse."

She smiled at him again. She had nice white, even teeth. He was taking quite a fancy to her smile.

"Perhaps you always have something on your mind when you come here," she said.

"Only a thirst," he told her, and she laughed a little.

He drew at his cigarette and saw her, reflected in the mirror, glance at him speculatively. He let her take her time over it, then he turned and she was still looking at him and she returned his gaze without blinking.

He said slowly: "This isn't going to be a highly original remark, but you're rather nice." After a little pause he spoke to her profile. "Have I said something?"

"I haven't found the conversation dragging at all," she said.

There was an engaging frankness in her expression, a quiet, almost gentle friendliness about her that was disarmingly attractive. No hint that it would be like handling dynamite.

The worst that could be thought of her was that perhaps she'd responded pretty readily to his first approach. Had been waiting for him to make the first move. Did that mean she already knew who and what he was before she'd ever started looking in at the Mona Lisa? Did it mean someone else had singled him out for her to go to work on?

The Dark Bureau

Continued from page 9

Could be, he told himself. Could be.

"I'm going to have some food here," he said to her, thinking that if he was on the right track she hadn't been so subtle after all. "Would you like something to eat?"

She regarded him thoughtfully for a moment, that same frank look.

"Something tells me I'm not going to be very original either," she said. "I'm going to say 'yes'."

She was even tinner when she stood beside him. He followed her out of the bar very conscious of Nick Rocco's sardonic eye boring into the back of his neck.

The waiter led them to a corner table, and they relaxed against the worn plush seats that ran all round the wall. The restaurant was beginning to fill up, and she gazed about her with idle curiosity.

"I like it here," she said. "Nearly all the people look so fascinatingly sinister. I suppose they aren't all dope-traffickers, or are they?"

"I regret to have to disappoint

you," he told her, "but it happens there aren't any dope-runners present to-night."

Her look was suddenly narrow, then she was regarding him with an eyebrow lifted quizzically.

"You mean you know, or are you just pretending?"

"I know," He smiled at her, mysteriously. Then the wine-waiter was bowing over them.

During the meal she talked very little, except to charm the waiter with her comments on the excellence of the cooking. Algy Dark realised that hers was no bird-brain, this was no case of just beauty, plus and brain minus.

His curiosity sharpened as he considered her. What was the truth behind her interest in him? Who—could not imagine she was working for herself alone—was employing her?

Behind every turn the conversation took, every word she spoke in that husky voice, every syllable, he sought for a hint that would give him a clue to the game she was playing.

"It's no good," she said suddenly. "I give up."

He raised his head and eyed her questioning.

"I know you do a very interesting kind of job," she was explaining, "but what? I've been trying to make up my mind, but no good."

"Maybe I can help you."

"At first," she continued, "I thought you might be a writer. Living in Soho to get atmosphere for a book, or something. But that didn't seem to fit

Then I wondered if you were a newspaperman. I almost decided you were. But that doesn't suit you either. And so, a hideous thought's just struck me."

She broke off again, but he didn't say anything to help her. She went on quickly: "I wondered if—if you were a crook. Oh, the nicest kind of crook," she put in. "The nicest possible kind. A confidence-man. Or a card-sharper. I always think if I were a crook I'd be one of those two."

His eyes were gleaming with amusement. She gave him a quick smile and continued, a little breathlessly.

"You have a nice voice," she said. "And nice hands. And you're not exactly unattractive. All of which I think would be quite right for a card-sharper or a confidence-trickster. Oh, dear, I shouldn't have told you, after all."

She was looking at him doubtfully now. He smiled at her through a cloud of cigarette-smoke.

"See that man over there at the table with the sultry-looking brunette?" he said.

She glanced in the direction he was indicating.

"A card-sharper," he said. "Does very nicely at it."

She gave a little gasp, looked at the man again with an incredulous expression. Then, looking back at Dark, she laughed, her eyes bright with amusement.

"Or," he told her, "take a glimpse at that character over there in the pince-nez. Might be an out-of-work schoolmaster."

The man was pasty-faced with a down-trodden air.

"Don't tell me," she said. "Let me guess. He's a card-sharper too."

"Confidence-man," he murmured. "Doesn't do so badly either."

She stared at him, her eyes wide. "It really is sinister!"

"You're supposed to feel a trifle scared of me," he told her, aiming a shot in the dark.

But she answered lightly, "Should I be? Tell me why?"

So the shot missed the target, Dark thought. Aloud he said, "I thought you thought I was a crook."

"I didn't really. Not really, you know," the girl replied.

"I feel cheated," he said.

"It was just I couldn't decide at all what you could be," she went on. Then added quickly, "But it doesn't matter what you are. It's enough that we're here and it's so nice."

"I'll settle for that, too."

So Paula Carson didn't know what he was. She didn't care what he was, she didn't give a snap of her pretty fingers about it, he wasn't to give it a thought, not on her account? So he wouldn't give it a thought.

"You haven't asked me what I am, have you?" she said.

"Couldn't - care - less - what - are - you?" He smiled at her as he said it.

"I work for a magazine," she told him at once. It was just a shade too pat. She said it just a shade too quickly, as if she had been waiting to tell him. "American magazine. Fashion stuff. London office."

"Sounds all right," he nodded.

"I enjoy it," she said. "It's a glossy life, I know. Utterly unreal and whatever. But it's gay and amusing. I enjoy it."

"Know the 'Duke of Soho'?" he asked her.

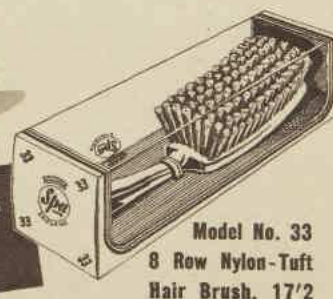
"I believe you expect me to say, 'Who's he, is he a pal of yours?' But I'm not going to say it, because I know it's a comic little pub near here."

He nodded. Then he added, "We could move along there and still continue in this old gilt-and-plush set-up. Will you wait while I get my hat and cigarette-case from my room upstairs?"

She stood, slim and childishly tiny, staring at the backs of the customers round the bar. He paused for a moment at the foot of the stairs to consider her profile. It was tender and abstractedly wistful. He realised she was very young. Twenty? Twenty-three? No more, he decided. Less maybe.

Please turn to page 33

A most Beautiful Gift
MOST BEAUTIFULLY PACKED...



in classic cellulose gift containers.
Translucent colours lightly tinged with Coral
Pink, Morning Blue and Emerald.
Other models from 11/4.

You can say
"yes" to Romance



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Tact says "no"
to Offending!



Tact says "no" to perspiration worry and odour! Soft as a caress... exciting... new—Tact is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth. Tact is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Tact stops underarm odour instantly... checks perspiration effectively. And Tact lasts and lasts—from bath to bath!

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COLGATE'S Tact
THE NEW COSMETIC DEODORANT
to safeguard your charm!
IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

T2/100

FOR YOUR CHILD'S SAKE
choose a SAFE laxative



He will love Gentle, Safe
LAXETTES
the chocolate laxative

Sold in Millions
KNOWN & TRUSTED FOR 40 YEARS

The Dark Bureau

Continued from page 32

UPSTAIRS, Algy Dark unlocked the door of his office and closed it after him. The office struck him, as it always did when coming into it at night, as being curiously quiescent. As if it breathed quietly and rhythmically now after the strenuous and hurried day.

He went through to his sitting-room, picked up the telephone on the table by the standard-lamp, and talked incisively into the mouthpiece.

Replacing the receiver, he stood staring down at it on its cradle for several moments. Then he walked slowly into his bedroom, picked up his cigarette-case, automatically took a cigarette from it and lit it. He slid the thin case into his pocket, and went out of the office, locking the door after him.

"I was beginning to wonder if you knew a secret back way out," the girl said when he rejoined her.

She hadn't moved from where Algy Dark had left her. He was shaking off the surprise he felt at her still being there: somehow he'd been preparing himself to find she'd gone. She was watching him, and the smile she was wearing was uncertain.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I had to make a mysterious phone-call."

"That must have been quite thrilling," she said gravely.

They went out into Greek Street.

The sky was starless and bore down on the garish street lights and the black shadows, and she took his arm. Her high heels made a quick tap-tap, and he wondered how tall she was without them.

A man stood in the gutter on the other side of the street strumming a banjo; he was facing a short flight of railed steps leading up to another restaurant. It was the Pekin Restaurant. The banjo had a lot of dirty looking ribbons tied to it.

She said it was funny, hearing a Neapolitan love-song played on a banjo outside a Chinese restaurant.

He said it didn't exactly add up either, but maybe the man didn't know it was a Neapolitan love-song, anyway.

The man with the banjo was still playing the Neapolitan love-song as Algy Dark pushed open the saloon bar door of the "Duke of Soho," and they went in. It was warm and noisy, and Ruby, the barmaid, greeted him and then winked suggestively at Paula Carson.

Ruby was an unbelievable blonde, her hair shining like ripe corn in the sun, built in layers of curls above a pink-and-white complexion, and bright-blue eyes.

She muttered to Algy as she handed him Neapolitan brandies: "Red-head with a slight foreign accent, eh? French, I shouldn't wonder. Like her style."

Dark grinned and piloted Paula to a table where she looked curiously about her. A deep, rich voice reached them, and she turned towards a negro talking earnestly to a pale, sharp-featured individual.

"Who is he?"

"A punch-drunk, A boxer," Dark said. "Too much punishment for too long."

She shuddered. "It sounds horrible," she said.

But her eyes continued to roam curiously, finally coming to rest on a tubby figure whose third chin was supported by a clergyman's collar.

"The name's Deacon," Dark told her. "Which is probably where he got the notion of that get-up. Pick-pocket. Getting a bit past it now."

Just then a woman came to their table—a woman in exotic-looking gipsy clothing.

"Don't look now," Dark said, "but she'll read your hand a the drop of a hat. How are you, Cleo?" he said to the woman.

For answer, the woman said in a soft, flat voice: "Your companion is beautiful, she has beautiful hands; they hold the mystery of what the future has in store for her—"

"At the moment they're holding a glass of rather nice brandy," he pointed out.

"I can draw back the veil of that future for your guidance," the woman went on, ignoring him and speaking to the girl.

Paula Carson looked at Dark.

"What do I say?" she said.

He said, "You can tell her to go away and she'll pester you till she's slung out on her ear. Or you can take it quietly and it'll cost a port."

"A large one," the woman put in. "I think perhaps it would be simply enchanting to have my hand read," the girl said.

With a single, swift movement the woman grabbed a chair behind her, crouched on it, as if it were a broomstick, over the small white hand, holding it lightly in her own long, curiously spatulate fingers. She began talking in her quiet, flat voice.

"Here is a line which is breaking into the line of fate. There's an influence which may dominate you completely. Dominate you to the exclusion of all else."

Algy Dark's eyes were fastened on the girl's face, but he had no idea what might be going on in her mind.

"Do not let this line, this line cutting into your fate line, do not let it grow too strong," the woman was saying, and her voice was no longer flat, though it was still quiet; it was jerky.

Please turn to page 38

Make it a
Hoover Christmas
for an
Easier New Year



FOR HIM...
TO SAVE THE BEST YEARS
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a Hoover this Christmas!
A Hoover Cleaner will thrill
her with its promise of leisure
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Page 34

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 1950



No fun to take the kind of guest
Who likes another man the best.
A tactful girl would concentrate
Upon the one who is her date.



A pretty girl, but such a shame
She hasn't time to watch the game.
More interested in looks than play,
She'll not be asked another day.



She fancies that by being late
She will impress her waiting date.
Beware, my girl, or else you'll learn
How true it is that worms can turn.

Keeping a date

● It is not necessarily a sign of popularity when a girl or a boy is never seen with the same date twice. There may be a much less flattering reason why two people have not gone out together for a second time. These pictures show six possible explanations of people failing to maintain friendships after they have been attracted to each other.



With ceaseless talk of play and score
These so-called escorts are a bore.
Poor girl, for all the fellows care
She might as well just not be there.



Although she loves a lively step,
She's not the type who's madly hep.
The jitterbug does not impress
When trampling on her evening dress.



Poor Mary at the garden
gate
Is shattered when she
sees her date,
And shudders that she's
going out
With someone rigged up
like a lout.



Out of The Box

★ If Santa Claus should prove a very understanding husband and slip a gift of money in your Christmas stocking to spend on "something just for you," a hat like one of these would find place of honor in your hatbox. Deceptively simple, they are just right for that heady summer feeling when the sun sparkles and it's good to be alive.

A FEMININE BONNET of ice-blue candy straw (left) is designed by Joe Cohn. It is banded with draped nylon net in the same shade and scattered with oval pearl shells. This Christmas, many cocktail hats have a pearl or diamante studded veil over the face or to eye-level.

NEAT, pleated, profile bonnet of soldier-blue novelty straw (right) by Walter K. Marks has wide band of scarlet ribbon looped through one side.

FILM STAR Elizabeth Taylor (below) wears a dinner hat by Sally Victor with crown of purple velvet pansies and brim of ruffled blue lace.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 1930



LUXOR'S MODEL (above) is forest-green straw on top and honey-beige inside, banded in green velvet and trimmed with spray of fruit and wheat.

DRAMATIC HAT of needlepoint straw in brilliant diablo-red (below) is created by Harryson. It is trimmed with a soaring wing of self-material.



WILSHIRE introduces nylon to millinery in this turban draped from coffee nylon net (above). Miniature roses in harmonising beige nestle in the folds.

SAUCY BONNET of white candy straw (below) by B. J. Goldenberg is framed with an upstanding ruff of straw and perky black taffeta bow.



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★ **BAYER'S ASPIRIN**

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ALGY DARK

frowned at the woman, but she went on: "If you keep watch, then you yourself may control this influence, so that it will bring you happiness for which you are seeking. It may—" She broke off, stumbling over the words. "It may bring you—your—heart's desire."

She let go the small hand and stood up suddenly and stared at the bar. She didn't seem to hear the girl thank her, and Dark, eyeing her sharply, said: "Must be thirsty work, Cleo. Let me fix you that large port."

He went to the bar and ordered the drink for her. And then her voice was in his ear, still low, but hoarse with urgency. "That girl—there, in her hand—"

He turned to her, scowling slightly. She clutched at the edge of the bar. "Shock," she muttered. "Never seen it staring me in the face plain as that before."

"Seen what?" She stared at him. Paused. Started to look over her shoulder at the red-haired girl, then swung back to him.

"Death," she said. "Nasty, messy death."

She downed the drink in one convulsive gulp, and then straightened, headed for the door and was gone.

As the door was closing behind her, Algy Dark caught the sound of the banjo-player in the street. He threw a glance at the girl; she appeared puzzled but also, he thought, amused by the woman's sudden dive out of the bar.

He raised an eyebrow at her and moved to the door and opened it and stood outside, staring towards Greek Street. There was no sign of the woman. He saw the banjo-player walking towards him, the ribbons from his banjo trailing dejectedly. He had stopped strumming.

The man halted facing Algy Dark, poised himself with one foot on the pavement, and began to play again. Dark went back into the bar.

"What happened?" the girl asked him as he picked up his brandy and leaned his elbows on the table.

"The banjo-player with the New-

The Dark Bureau

Continued from page 33

politan repertoire's back," he smiled at her.

"I meant Cleo," she said.

He shook his head.

"Perhaps it was something catastrophic she saw in my hand."

He was raising his glass, and it paused in mid-air for the merest fraction of a second.

"No doubt about it," he said.

The tip of her nose crinkled at him. They listened to the banjo-player outside; he was well into his Neapolitan serenading.

"Wonder what else he knows?" she mused.

"Anything special you lean to?"

"There are the 'Indian Love Lyrics.'"

He gave her a little smile and went to the door; he went out and spoke to the man in the gutter. He came back as the banjo started on something from grand opera.

"Doesn't know the 'Indian Love Lyrics'—," he began, and then broke off, staring at her. The melody from the street suddenly seemed louder, it filled the crowded, smoke-misted bar. She wasn't looking at him at all, she was rigid, listening, and her face was ashen.

"What is it?" he said quickly.

"It's—it's quite warm in here— isn't it?" she whispered. "Not much air. So difficult without—air."

"It's all right," he said to a man who'd moved towards them with an anxious, questioning look. "I'll take her. Air, that's all."

He half-carried the girl out to the street. She clung to him, silent and shivering and her face ghastly beneath the street-lamps.

"Here's a taxi. We'll get you home," Dark said.

"Yes," she whispered.

The taxi pulled up, and she gave Dark her address. As they drove off he glanced quickly through the back window. Another taxi with its disengaged signal shining was stopping on the corner of Palma Street. A shadowy figure got into the taxi and the disengaged light went out.

Dark turned back to the girl.

"How are you?"

"Feeling foolish," she said. "I've never done that before."

They turned into Oxford Street, paused before the traffic-lights, and then a hundred yards along turned right into Wood Street, and stopped at a corner block of flats, a small, old-fashioned building.

Dark glimpsed the dimly lit, tiled entrance-hall beyond the double doors, and the cage-like lift. She would be all right, she told him; she would go to bed. She was very much better and it had been such a heavenly evening, thank you.

The double doors closed on her. Dark dragged thoughtfully at his cigarette. "Hotel Mona Lisa," he told the driver. "Greek Street."

The telephone was ringing when he entered his sitting-room. He picked up the receiver.

"Give me time to get back," he said. "Or has she pushed off out again and you don't know where?"

No, the voice said, she hadn't come out again.

"Saw you pick up after we left the pub. Where are you?"

Personality Quiz

ANSWERS to Personality

Quiz published on page 24.

1. False, 2. False, 3. True, 4.

False, 5. True, 6. False, 7. True,

8. False, 9. False, 10. False.

Ten to Eight: You know your

facts and realise that some truths

are as fantastic as furbies.

Seven to Five: Like the rest of

us, you have your pet beliefs,

and no scientific talking will

alter your opinions.

Under Five: You'll be saying

there are fairies next (though

for all we know there may be).

The man was talking from a call-box not many yards from the block of flats. He could keep his eye on the entrance all the time he was talking, he said.

"Better have someone join you. In case she has callers, I'll want them tailed when they leave."

Dark hung up and then lifted the receiver again and spoke into it briefly. Twenty-five minutes later the phone rang again.

"She's just popped out to post a letter. Pillar-box down the street. Popped back again. Want me to get that letter?"

"Someone'll be up to collect it from you. Don't keep him waiting."

It was only a short while later when there was a knock on the door.

"You'd have got it to-morrow anyway," the messenger said, handing a letter to Dark. "It's addressed to you."

Dark tore open the envelope and read:

"This is a long, long adieu. I do not need to tell you why it must be like this, you know well enough. Oh, why couldn't you have let me believe I was being clever for just a little longer? But I do not blame you, you have to strike at danger at once and without pity."

"So I must be grateful to you for warning me the way you did. I would like you to try and not think too badly of me. If I had known—but perhaps I have always been a little too late for everything. Everything that mattered."

"Now I have been too late for the last time. Good-bye."

He scowled at it for a long time. What was she getting at?

The telephone rang again.

"I'm talking from her flat this time," the voice over the wire said.

"You wouldn't be going to tell me you've let her skip?" His tone was controlled and deadly calm.

"Not exactly."

"What's 'not exactly?'"

"She's here all right, but she's shot herself. It was the noise of the gun brought us busting our way in."

To be continued

SPOTS AND PIMPLES?

The famous Emerson said:

"All beauty must be organic; it must come from within; all external embellishment represents a species of deformity."

Your skin often acts as a tell-tale of poor health—generally a sign of B1 and B2 vitamin deficiency.

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Recommends Simple Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orlex Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This Orlex Compound only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Doctors Prove the Palmolive plan brings 2 out of 3 women

Lovelier skin in 14 days!



You too, can look for these improvements in only 14 days! THE PALMOLIVE PLAN BRINGS YOU

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P2/120

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as a garden in Spring . . . all fashion-perfect in shades . . . all superlative in
formulation and texture . . . all superbly packaged as the gifts supreme.

Three Flowers Talcum Powder

Use after bathing to feel
lovely all over.



Three Flowers Foundation Vanishing Cream

Whipped to the finest possible
texture to avoid clog-
ging the pores. Holds
powder perfectly. Keeps
skin smooth and soft. In
jars and tubes.



Three Flowers Face Powder

With the exclusive Richard
Hudnut "Top-Tone" Shade
shades.

Three Flowers Brilliantine

A first-quality Brilliantine
to keep hair lustrous and
more manageable. Solid or
liquid.



Three Flowers Rouge

Colour-blended for use
with the Face Powder and
Lipstick.



Three Flowers Perfume

Gay and light-hearted—
the essence of a Spring
Garden.



Three Flowers Hand Cream

Gently whitens the hands,
protects and refines skin
texture.

Three Flowers Cleansing Cream

The perfect cleansing and
refreshing cream. In jars
and tubes.



Three Flowers Lipstick

Six fashion-right colours
... Peppermint Pink—
Carmine—Crimson—
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turtium . . . matching the
"Three Flowers" Rouges.



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CHRISTMAS



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TEENA

HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW MANY MOVIE STARS ARE MARRYING AUTHORESSES?—HONESTLY, IT'S DISGUSTING...I MEAN I'M JUST GOING TO GIVE UP MY ACTING CAREER AND BECOME A WRITER INSTEAD...

THAT'S SILLY! WHAT CAN YOU WRITE?



ARE YOU HINTING MY PRESENCE IS KEEPING YOU FROM WRITING THIS MASTERPIECE? WHERE'S MY COAT?!! PERISH FORBID I SHOULD COME BETWEEN YOU AND SUCCESS!!



PERHAPS I OUGHT TO WRITE HIM A LETTER...LETTERS ARE AWFLY GOOD PRACTICE FOR WRITING SHORT STORIES, AND I SHOULD REALLY GET A LITTLE PRACTICE BEFORE I BEGIN...



I BEG YOUR PARDON—I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW MR. RILEY, MY ENGLISH TEACHER, SAID MY LAST COMPOSITION WAS THE BEST PIECE OF TRASH HE EVER READ!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, I HAVE A SIMPLY TERRIFIC IDEA FOR A NOVEL I WAS GOING TO WRITE THIS AFTERNOON...IT'S ABOUT THIS GIRL, SEE, WHO WRITES TO THIS MOVIE ACTOR WHO IS SECRETLY A HANDWRITING EXPERT, SO HE FALLS MADLY IN LOVE WITH HER HANDWRITING, AND—



—WELL, BUT YOU UNDERSTAND HOW IT IS, PIPSY...ONE JUST MUST HAVE SOLITUDE TO CREATE...I CAN'T HELP IT WHEN I GET THESE TERRIBLY CREATIVE MOODS...



LET'S SEE NOW—IF I WRITE 100 PAGES A DAY, MY NOVEL WILL BE FINISHED IN...HMMM...PERHAPS I OUGHT TO MAKE THIS A SHORT STORY...



WHO SHALL I MAKE FOR THE HERO—? I WONDER IF JAMES STEWART IS A HANDWRITING EXPERT...



—BUT THEN, IF HE ISN'T A HANDWRITING EXPERT, A LETTER WILL BE KIND OF A WASTE OF TIME...MAYBE I OUGHT TO ASK HIM, FIRST, IF HE'S SECRETLY A HANDWRITING EXPERT...



MOTHER, IF PIPSY CALLS, TELL HER I'VE FINISHED MY WRITING FOR TODAY, AND ASK HER TO COME OVER...I'LL BE RIGHT BACK...I JUST WANT TO MAIL THIS POSTCARD.



ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Slightly retarding from December 13 to 15, but very bright and progressive on December 16 and 17. If you decide to travel these latter days are rich with opportunity.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): December 16 starts your most interesting time this week, while December 15 may be considered your worst day. Watch all interests where you need the help or co-operation of others.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Partnerships or love ties may prove difficult until after Friday. However, brighter days greet you as the days move on. Concentrate on the activity and good will of those who share your business or domestic life.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Your aspects this week could bring gain through your work, although December 15 tends to retard progress and upset domestic affairs. December 17 is a day of force and energy. Try to use it to good advantage.

As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

LEO (July 24 to August 23): December 13 to 15 adverse and December 16 onwards helpful. The good aspects favor love, courtships, adventure, speculations, pleasures, and happiness generally.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Choose this week-end to visit or entertain, but use care in all domestic and family affairs on December 13 and 15. A frustrating element surrounds your home affairs on these days.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Friday is an adverse day which tends to bring most things to a full stop. However, the following days are stimulated by new ideas and fresh planning, with your best results over the week-end.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Use care in all financial affairs until the week-end. Saturday is a happy day, and Monday should start a run of luck for new ventures and schemes.

SAGITTARIUS

(November 23 to December 22): Leave your most important projects until the week-end. Luck, rather than force, is what you need just now. Past efforts should show some good returns very soon.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Your happiest and most prosperous days should start from Sunday. In the meantime don't let disappointments get you down.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Until after December 15 use care in all personal affairs. Watch friendships and don't be influenced against your better judgment. Some wish could be realised on December 16 or 17.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): December 14, 16, 17, and 19 are your brightest days this week, especially for business and social affairs. Lucky Jupiter is now in your ascendant sign and promises many happy days.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

"Your hair can be lovelier than ever before"

says beautiful fashion model VALMAI HOY



Miss Valmai Hoy, beautiful Sydney fashion model, knows the secret of soft, lovely "easy-to-manage" hair. She uses and recommends Napro Hair Vitalizer.

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Your hairdresser knows the value of Napro Hair Vitalizer, and uses it in salon treatments. And you, too, in your own home, can have this famous reconditioning treatment that leaves hair looking lustrous, feeling soft and silken smooth.

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Napro's rich, penetrating oils soften each tiny strand of hair, soothe away dry brittleness, banish loose dandruff. Try Napro Hair Vitalizer... and be thrilled by the new glamorous vitality of your tresses.

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Hawkins ELECTRIC Hair Dryer

Saves time and trouble the easy way. Durable, light and attractively designed, the new Hawkins Electric Hair Dryer is absolutely safe and fully guaranteed. Automatic instant thumb-switch control for warm, cold, off.



OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 16, 1950

Page 41

"You can come out from behind those whiskers, Pop...
we've got you a **PHILISHAVE** !"



Whiskers (except Santa's synthetic variety) are as outmoded as the Queen of Sheba's camel. So are razors, shaving brushes and lather. And so are the more primitive types of soapless stubble-shifters. Today, it's **PHILISHAVE**... the last word in electric shavers... the shaver with the revolutionary cutting head which no bristle can dodge! **PHILISHAVE** means a faster, closer, cleaner, smoother shave than Dad has ever enjoyed before! Gone are all the messy impediments of the last fifty years. The 3-minute all-electric shave is here for good... for every man's good. For Dad... for Uncle... for that growing-up brother of yours... **PHILISHAVE**! There's no finer gift.



"Oh boy—this is just too easy !"



If you're the kind of person who likes to know what makes things tick, here's the secret of the amazing speed and efficiency of Philishave. First of all, the under-thin head of Philishave has scientifically designed angulated slots which ensure that every hair is picked up and guided into the cutter. The six-bladed, rotary-action cutter whirrs round at 3,000 r.p.m. and cuts off EVERY hair smoothly, closely—without drag. Incidentally, the cutter's blades are self-sharpening—they're spring-loaded and hone themselves while you shave.

And the beauty of it is that, with Philishave, he can shave anywhere, anytime—at home, in bed, at the office. Yes, he can even shave fully dressed because there's no mess, no falling hairs... Philishave has a special in-built hair trap. You can buy a Philishave from your Philips Retailer or Department Store... on easy terms if you wish.

PHILISHAVE

The 3-Minute Rotary-Action Shaver

Famous as Philips Lamps

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



THIS SYMBOL GUIDES THE CHOICE OF MILLIONS

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Have their vacation interrupted by the
CHIEF OF POLICE: Who asks Mandrake to help catch a jewel thief who broke into an 80-story

skyscraper by a window 40 floors up. As the building is artificially ventilated, there is only one window. The door leading to the room was locked, the freshly painted window sill shows no footprints, but the jewels have gone. Mandrake arrives at the Chief's office. NOW READ ON:

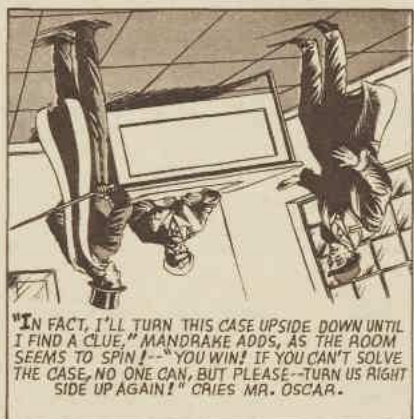
"FAST WORK," SMILES THE CHIEF. "MANDRAKE, THIS IS MR. OSCAR, MANAGER OF THE JEWEL MART. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO -- HOW CAN A PHONY STAGE MAGICIAN HELP US IN THIS CASE?" SNAPS MR. OSCAR.



MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY -- "I'LL COVER EVERY INCH OF THE GROUND -- AND THE CEILING, TOO, IN THIS CASE," MANDRAKE REPLIES.



"WHAT'S MORE, I'LL LOOK INTO EVERY CORNER OF THE CASE," CONTINUES THE MAGICIAN. THE SKEPTICAL MR. OSCAR STARES IN AMAZEMENT!



"IN FACT, I'LL TURN THIS CASE UPSIDE DOWN UNTIL I FIND A CLUE," MANDRAKE ADDS, AS THE ROOM SEEMS TO SPIN! -- "YOU WIN! IF YOU CAN'T SOLVE THE CASE, NO ONE CAN, BUT PLEASE -- TURN US RIGHT SIDE UP AGAIN!" CRIES MR. OSCAR.

MANDRAKE LOOKS AT THE WINDOW WHERE THE THIEF MUST HAVE ENTERED.



"HE DIDN'T LOWER HIMSELF FROM THE ROOF -- AND HE COULDN'T CLIMB FROM THE GROUND. HOW DID HE GET INTO THIS CUTTING-ROOM WINDOW AND OUT AGAIN?" MUSES MANDRAKE.



"A PERFECT CRIME, NO CLUES," SAYS MANDRAKE. "BUT I BELIEVE THE THIEF'LL BE BACK. HE WAS FRIGHTENED AWAY -- AND LEFT HALF THE GEMS. A THIEF WHO COULD PLAN A CRIME LIKE THIS HAS A TREMENDOUS EGO."



"HE WOULDN'T BE FOOL ENOUGH TO COME BACK," OBJECTS THE CHIEF. -- "HE KNOWS WE'RE THINKING THAT! HE MAY TRY! WE'LL LEAVE THE TWO GUARDS IN THE LOCKED ROOM," SAYS MANDRAKE. "WE'LL WATCH ON THE ROOF."



TO BE CONTINUED

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7. It's easy to apply, safe, fragrant—the simplest and most effective deodorant you've ever used.



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The romantic scent that is sweeping the country. Skin Perfume—the very essence of enchantment; and Body Sachet—caressing, white and fragrant. Beautifully gift-packed. Skin Perfume, 12/-. Body Sachet, 11/-. Perfume Concentrate, 11/6. The beautiful gift pack illustrated, containing Skin Perfume and Body Sachet is entirely FREE.



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HEAVENLY GLOW: Divine fragrance in Skin Perfume, 10/11; Face Powder, 7/6; Perfume Concentrate, 11/6; Body Sachet, 8/11. Gift box, illustrated 3/-.



COLOUR - HARMONY BOX: Matching Lipstick and Nail Enamel in a typical Helena Rubinstein red-and-white gift box. 16/10. Box Free.



SUPER COLOUR - HARMONY BOX: in beautiful gift box with Perfume Concentrate. 29/4.



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The freshness and daintiness of an apple orchard in blossom is captured in Helena Rubinstein's incomparable Apple Blossom preparations. Women the world over love to give and receive these famous aids to Beauty. Skin perfume, from 8/11; Body Sachet, from 8/11; Bath Essence, 14/6; Perfume Concentrate, 11/6; Angel Soap, box of 4, 9/11. Lipstick, from 8/11. Face Powder, from 7/6.



YOUNG-SKIN-CARE PACKS: Special for teen-agers. Containing essential Cleansing Cream, Beauty Grains and Foundation, to suit her own skin type. Oily Skin Pack, 19/3. Dry Skin Pack, 21/3.



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3 COLOUR-KEYS TO BEAUTY: 3 Lipsticks on a slim chain, with a mirror. May also be worn as a bracelet or an ornament. The very thing for teen-agers. 19/6.



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helena rubinstein salon (Maria Vadas Pty. Ltd.), 82 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY. MA6831



THEATRE THRILLER

MARLENE DIETRICH and MICHAEL WILDING are two arresting personalities in director Alfred Hitchcock's new and unusual drama "Stage Fright" (Warner Bros.). Dietrich portrays a sultry revue artist and Wilding a slick Scotland Yard man.

Goya

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of all...

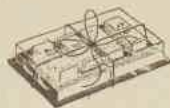
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two handbag phials of perfume—8/6
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To thrill her—
Goya's "Treasure Chest" Coffret
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Goya's medium size "Gardenia",
a true, romantic, bitter-sweet,
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Eau de Cologne with matching
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IT MUST BE

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Handkerchiefs available.

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When you need First Aid fast for
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Seltzer. Its bubbling, effervescent
action helps Alka-Seltzer's pain-
relieving agent to go to work fast.
Not a laxative—you can take Alka-
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Watch it fizz and dissolve into a
sparkling, pleasant-tasting drink.

GENUINE IMPORTED

Tubes of
12 & 30 tablets
At all Chemists
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Alka-Seltzer



1 VIEWING a television shot of an ace midget-car
driver, columnist Regina Ford (Barbara Stanwyck)
and her manager Gregg Reynolds (Adolphe Menjou)
believe he would make a human-interest story.



2 INTERVIEW with reckless driver
Mike Bannon (Clark Gable) is
unsuccessful, for Mike resents crusad-
ing women and treats Regina curtly.



3 WATCHING the race from the grand-stand,
Regina sees a crash in which one of the
competitors is killed. She blames Mike for the
accident and decides to do something about it.



4 NEWSPAPER article by Regina attacks
Mike's reckless driving. As a result he is
banned from all midget tracks. His only
alternative is to join a band of hell-drivers.

TO PLEASE A LADY



THIS film from M.G.M. is an
action-packed story of mid-
get-car racing, in which Clark
Gable is cast as a reckless auto-
racing pilot who believes that
any tactics to win are justified.

He crosses with a woman
columnist (Barbara Stanwyck),
who is a crusader against sel-
fishness and injustice of any
kind. Their opposing outlooks
contrast with their mutual at-
traction and set the pace for
the action.

Both stars are experienced in
this type of sophisticated, fast-
moving romance, and since
Gable is an amateur racing en-
thusiast in private life he
needed practically no instruc-
tion from experts on how to
handle the Don Lee Special
which he drives in the picture.



5 ANTAGONISM between
couple exists despite mutual
attraction. Mike tries to buy car
for events still open to him.

6 FRIENDSHIP grows between
two, but they still disagree
because Regina opposes Mike's
"every man for himself" policy.



7 RACE classic, which Mike is eager to win in his new
car, is attended by Regina. Mike loses his opportunity
to snatch victory and a rich prize when he deliberately
avoids crowding another car and crashes himself.



8 INJURED badly in smash, Mike is
taken to hospital. Regina follows
and, reassured by his selfless act,
gladly confesses her love for him.



Pelaco

"It is indeed a lovely shirt sir!"

P.S. Especially for Christmas

It wouldn't be
Christmas without
an **Imperial**
PLUM PUDDING



YOU COULDN'T MAKE
IT HALF SO GOOD FOR
TWICE THE COST!



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holiday meals!
Imperial
CAMP PIE

Why slave in a hot kitchen when you can simply take a tin of Imperial Camp Pie from the ice chest or 'frig. and serve the tastiest, most satisfying meal of good, nourishing meat at its best. Dressed with salad and a dash of Imperial Tomato Sauce, Imperial Camp Pie makes a meal that satisfies and gratifies anyone.

Every meat, fish
or cheese dish is
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It's made in a way that improves even the grand flavour of the fresh, red ripe tomatoes that go into it. Imperial Tomato Sauce makes a meal of a snack and a banquet of a meal.

The Best canned foods are branded
Imperial

They're flavour-sealed



Delicious Imperial meals...right off your kitchen shelf



ENGLISH DARCY CONYERS and Australian-born Frank Worth (with Vandyke beard), producer and director of the successful little film "Ha'penny Breeze," talk over script for possible new venture.

Australians in brave film bid

From BILL STRUTTON, in London

Those ace Italian directors who cropped up after the war are not the only ones who can produce fine films on a shoestring. Two Australian boys have just startled the British film world by showing them the way.

They are Don Sharp, Australian radio and stage actor, and Frank Worth (changed from Wirth), a member of the famous Australian circus family.

TOGETHER with a young English actor, Darcy Conyers, they have just produced a film, "Ha'penny Breeze," at one-tenth of the cost of a feature production, and it is now being released in London amid much praise from the critics.

A big distributing company with a huge chain of cinemas has bought the film, so its success is assured.

The star roles are filled by Australians—actress Natalie Raine and 27-year-old Don Sharp, who wrote the screen play with Worth and co-produced the film.

It all came about over a cup of coffee one morning when the friends fell to criticising the enormous extravagance of Hollywood and Britain in making films. Money

was the crux of their problem; if only they could catch a couple of the financial crumbs that fell from the table of any big film production.

"Why, look," said Darcy Conyers, a pleasant, slim young Englishman with a West End accent and his brows raised in a happy smile of perpetual surprise, "Look at Rossellini. Look at De Sica. They made world-beaters on a shoestring. Why can't it be done in England, too?"

Why? They started to think about this. They had barely the price of their coffee between them. Frank Worth stroked his Vandyke beard. He was the only one of the three who had any knowledge of the technical side of movie-making; he had been a wartime naval cameraman and, later, edited and directed a few modest documentary films.

Conyers and Sharp were actors in a fairly modest way. But Darcy Conyers had a 58-year-old boat, a wreck of a thing called the Alanna, built in the time of Queen Victoria and now tied up on the river flowing through a Suffolk village called Pin Mill.

"I know Pin Mill," said Conyers. "Lived there on the boat for a year after my demob. Now if we could find a story in that village, and film it all in its natural setting . . . eh?"

They decided it would be worth a trip up there to find out. And they fashioned a story out of the village, the two Australians writing the script between them. They got enthusiastic about it.

The action was to revolve around a young Suffolk boatman who returned to his native village after the war to find it derelict, but who, with the help of an Australian friend, brought new life to it by converting it into a yachting centre. It would not be a documentary film, but fiction peopled with real, believable characters.

While Don Sharp and Frank Worth got busy on the shooting script, Darcy Conyers took a part with a play, "Off The Record," toured the sticks with it, and sent most of his weekly pay packet back

to the two others to help keep them going.

Now, how about a little finance to start the film really rolling? They decided that any actor they engaged for a role, however big, however small, would receive the same flat-rate wage—£10 a week—plus a small percentage of the profits, if any. That is, they made it on a co-operative basis, and everyone who acted in or worked on the film got the same pay.

The weather was getting bad. Time was slipping away, and their hopes rose and fell as backer after would-be backer failed to come through with the money.

Finally, Associated British-Pathe showed sympathy with their idea. But nobody knew who they were, or what they could do. A high executive finally told them, "Look here, I'll promise to distribute the film—if the 'rushes' from your first ten days of shooting come up to the mark. Okay?"

Okay, but they still needed several thousand pounds to start shooting. And still no backer had materialised with enough advance money.

Gloomily, the three got together. Unless money came from somewhere by August 28, they decided, their fine scheme would have to be abandoned, at least until the following spring.

One hour before the night of August the twenty-seventh became the morning of the twenty-eighth, they were settling sombrely to sleep in their shared flat when the telephone rang. Leeds calling. A Mr. Gregory, auctioneer. He had happened to read a small paragraph in the paper about their plight.

Gregory agreed to advance them sufficient cash. Within a week they had collected their cast—leads to Australian actress Natalie Raine, Gwyneth Vaughan, the young star of "Blue Scar," and to Don Sharp and Darcy Conyers themselves. Supporting roles went to a small group of seasoned professional players—and to the villagers of Pin Mill.

"The local vicar lent us his clerical 'dog collar' for his counterpart in the film," Sharp said.

The irony of this success story is that its three makers, having finished it, are still counting their pennies and wondering whether they should catch that bus, or walk.

But they have achieved something that may bring them fortunes—prestige and the admiration of film-makers and critics.



Fastidious women are saying:

"The best deodorant I've ever used!"



Press the rubber cap

for a jet of SNO-MIST Powder where you want it. Sprays on—stays on.



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Non-irritant to skin—harmless to clothes. Economical in use, too—hundreds of puffs in every pack. Be sure of personal freshness all day, every day—with

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POWDER DEODORANT

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Modern English crystal at its matchless best—hand-cut by the finest craftsmen. Look for the name STUART on every exquisite piece.





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*Sold only
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There's no shorter cut to being a really successful Santa Claus this Christmas than to choose your gifts from these Country Club toilet products. Good grooming comes easily with Country Club. And what is more important than good grooming to the man who's going places? With a whole series of high quality men's toilet products to choose from, you can be sure of finding just what he wants —and at a price to suit YOUR Christmas budget.

Country Club Shaving Cream	2/-
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Country Club Brilliantine (Concrete)	2/9
Country Club Brilliantine (Liquid), 2 oz.	2/6
Country Club Brilliantine (Liquid), 4 oz.	4/3
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Country Club Hair Vitaliser	3/9
Country Club Men's Toilet Kit	53/6



After shaving leave the skin refreshed, cool and tingling —with Country Club After Shave Lotion. For any man, and especially those with a tender skin, it's the way to be off to a good start every morning! Country Club After Shave Lotion, 5/-.



What could be a more practical gift than Country Club Brilliantine? With a choice of Concrete or Liquid, you can be sure he gets the gift that's just right! Whichever you choose, he's sure to be pleased! Liquid Brilliantine, 2/6, 4/3, Concrete Brilliantine, 2/9.



There'll be a lot of "good mornings" for the men on your Christmas shopping list this year. Every tube of menthol-cooled Country Club Shaving Cream (Lather or Brushless) is full of good smooth shaves. Country Club Shaving Cream, Lather or Brushless, 2/- a tube.



Just the gift for the travelling man! A sturdy leather kit containing everything for smooth shaving and good grooming: Country Club Shaving Cream, After Shave Lotion, Brilliantine, a Calmak Gum Shaving Brush and a packet of Gillette Blue Blades, 53/6.



You'll thrill
to a new
skin loveliness
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Oatine
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You'll enjoy a romp with the children, once you discover how to relieve that backache. Often the trouble is tired kidneys which permit poisons to remain in your blood. This may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, headaches and dizziness. Get sure, safe relief by taking DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.
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SOCKS

If unable to obtain, please write 'Viyella' (Regd.)
Box 3335, G.P.O., SYDNEY

The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 10

AN immense crowd followed Jesus from the Golden Gate and filled the courts of the Temple like a floodtide. The Portico of the Gentiles and Portico of Solomon were soon overflowing with people waving branches of palms and olive and shouting: "Hosanna!"

As the clamor of acclamations rose, a few Greeks drew near.

"Master," one of them asked, "I have heard it said that you are announcing a new Kingdom. Could I, not being a son of Israel, enter into it?"

"In my Kingdom," replied Jesus, "there will be no distinction of nationality or race, for the Father of All is one, and there will be but one balance in which souls shall be weighed. Moreover, I tell you that if those who are invited do not answer the call, I shall summon those unknown."

Judas, who was standing near Jesus, heard this with vexation and discontent. His restlessness had for some time returned, and was growing from day to day as Jesus gave a wider and more universal scope to his teaching.

Then, while Jesus was conversing with the Greek, Judas felt someone tug at his cloak, and heard his name uttered. It was one of his former colleagues, an employee of old Saramalla, the banker.

"Oh! it's you, Phineas! Peace be with you!" Judas said.

"And with you, brother! But what are you doing here in the train of this Galilean? Are you one of his disciples?"

"Yes!" answered Judas, feeling very embarrassed. "He is the Christ, the Messiah, the son of David, and he has promised us the Kingdom of God!"

"Bravo!" replied Phineas, "and you've just heard what he means by his Kingdom of God? Every sort of flour in the one cake ... and only servants' jobs for the children of Israel!"

While they were talking thus Phineas had drawn Judas away from the group around Jesus.

"You must come to Saramalla's house," he said. "Glaphira will be delighted to see you."

Judas, like an automaton, let himself be led away.

"Judas of Keriot," Saramalla's daughter, Glaphira, greeted him, "why have you kept away from us for so long?"

"I found him," said Phineas, "in the train of that Galilean they call the Christ. He has got mixed up with the pagans, he who used to be such a good Israelite!"

Glaphira seemed horrified.

"What! You are going about with Jesus of Nazareth. But the man will never celebrate the Passover. I swear it by the living God, and you must help me, Judas; you who have been a true child of Abraham. You must kill him, if you love your own people. He seduces the people and is an enemy of the Law!"

Judas was aghast.

"I cannot do that, Glaphira," he said. "You don't know him. If you approach him he disarms you with one look. And then—you have not been with him—I have—I've seen him perform such wonderful miracles that I asked myself where his powers could come from, if not from God."

"They come from Satan!" cried Glaphira, clenching her little brown fists. "He is a magician and a heretic! He calls himself Son of God. Is there any greater crime for an Israelite than to proclaim himself the equal of one whose very name it is sinful to pronounce? He shall die."

She added, "Come to-morrow evening, Judas. Come to Caiaphas' house. There is to be a special meeting of the Sanhedrin. I shall look out for you! Do not fail to be there!"

FOR the next three days, Jesus daily went to the Temple, and joined battle with the Scribes, and especially with the Pharisees of the wide phylacteries, whom he regarded as more dangerous adversaries than the Gentiles. For it was they who most bitterly opposed the great measures of reform he espoused.

The reformation of the world called first of all for the reformation of Man by changes wrought within himself. It was necessary to kill in him egotism, greed, and hatred, things that divided the sons of Adam from one another—to proclaim the brotherhood of all men.

"I am amongst you that I may love you the more," Christ repeated again and again, "and so that, in memory of me, whenever you see a man, you may see a brother."

In a series of dazzling parables he sketched the basis of a new moral order, of a heroic and vigilant conception of life, in which Man should attain an inestimable value in the scheme of the Creation.

"He who loves his own life shall lose it," he cried aloud under the great porticos, "and only he shall preserve it who dispenses it with love in the hearts of his brethren."

The crowd, growing larger every day, listened to him breathless, bringing increased pride and joy to the disciples, Marcus, Miriam, and other faithful friends, spellbound in the forefront of his vast audiences.

On the Thursday before the Eve of the Passover, Jesus did not appear at all in the Temple. He entered the city only when night was falling.

The disciples knew that he had promised to celebrate the great anniversary in the house of Marcus Adonias.

The great central hall of the house that had been Micol's was cleared of its couches, and in their place cushioned stools had been arranged around the table. On this was laid a white tablecloth of Galilean linen, with the unleavened bread, the bitter herbs, and the jars of caroseth.

In the centre was a large am-

phora of Judæan wine, and before the central seat, which the Master would occupy, there shone—the only precious object there—a golden goblet that Marcus had received from Varilia on the day when they said farewell in the sepulchral monument on the Appian Way.

Marcus had clung to this as his most cherished possession.

When Jesus entered the hall, where everything was ready for the supper, it was already dark.

He looked around him, then took off his cloak, handed it to one of the disciples, and walked towards the end of the room, where stood an attendant waiting to wash the feet of the guests.

"My good fellow," he said, "give me your towel, for to-day I wish to be the servant of my servant." And he proceeded to wash the feet of Judas.

At once, Marcus hastened towards him, protesting: "Master! It cannot ever be that in this house you should serve anyone!"

But Jesus set aside his protests, saying gently, "Let be, my son! It is not without good reason that I wish to purify my chosen friends, before sending them out to purify the world."

The ceremony continued in silence and in an atmosphere of tense unconsciousness. When the ablutions were finished, Jesus took his seat at table, with John on his right and Judas on his left. He looked tired and sad.

He reached out his hand, lifted the amphora of wine by its handle and filled the golden goblet that stood before him. Then, replacing the amphora on the table, he turned to Marcus and said: "I desire to remain alone with my disciples."

At this order, Marcus felt rather dejected. He realised that something in the nature of a secret form of initiation was to be carried out that night in the course of the farewell supper, an initiation to which he himself could not be admitted.

Please turn to page 54

**'Soaping' dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!**

Not a soap, not a cream ... Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Removes embarrassing deadness from both hair and scalp!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather ... needs no special rinse!

Halo leaves hair soft, manageable ... shining with colourful natural highlights!

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Some party....Some drink!

Everybody's had a wonderful time — the treasure hunt was grand (and wasn't the paper chase fun?) . . . but gosh! parties make you so thirsty! No wonder 50-50's such a popular drink at kiddies' parties this summer. Children love that smooth oranges-and-lemons flavour, especially when served icy cold. It's the ideal party drink, mother . . . so healthful, so refreshing, so thirst-quenching — and so economical. One bottle of 50-50 makes 26 delicious drinks, simply by adding iced water.



FRESHEN UP WITH

50 — 50

A KIA-ORA PRODUCT



ATTRACTIVE PAULA RAYMOND gives her cat a special bowl of cream in honor of National Cat Week. The actress describes her animal as just a friendly old alley cat, but she wouldn't change him for the most aristocratic member of the feline family.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ It's a Great Feeling

It is a tongue-in-cheek attitude, rather than the story itself, which makes "It's a Great Feeling" (Warner Bros.) an unexpectedly funny film.

Satirical glimpses of the inner workings of the film industry add to the amusement.

The film has Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson (as themselves) in a story which concerns Carson's efforts to direct himself and Morgan in a film being produced on the Warner lot.

Their attempts to discover a new leading lady involve them with an ambitious waitress (Doris Day), the inevitable small-town girl seeking fame in Hollywood.

The team acquires itself well enough in run-of-the-mill developments, although musically it is not well served. The title number is catchy, but other tunes are nondescript.

Top Warner stars Joan Crawford, Edward G. Robinson, Danny Kaye, and Gary Cooper make guest appearances in priceless burlesques of themselves, and another well-known star is satirically involved in the trick ending.

In Sydney—Regent.

★ Where the Sidewalk Ends

AS a really tough underworld drama, "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (20th Century-Fox) does not measure up to more than fair entertainment.

The story is about a rugged New York plainclothes man who becomes involved in accidental murder as a direct result of his habit of beating-up hoodlums before handing them over to the authorities.

Dana Andrews portrays the central character, Mark Dixon. He is a man of complex character whose behaviour is traced sketchily to boyhood persecutions.

Lacking a philosophy or faith to sustain him, he is a pretty miserable specimen, and it is only after acquaintance ripens with Gene Tierney, who plays a model and the estranged wife of his victim, that Dixon begins to display any ethical sense.

It then sets in with a rush, and he refuses to take the easy way out after leading the police to capture a covey of gangsters.

A long list of supporting players includes Gary Merrill as a smooth-talking gangster who doesn't like to be messed up, Craig Stevens, who becomes the victim of belligerent Dixon, as well as Karl Malden, Roth, Donnelly, and Tom Tully.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

News from the studios

From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

GUSTILY blowing into Hollywood and out again after a quick look-see at Bette Davis' "All About Eve," in which she is allegedly imitated, Broadway veteran Tallulah Bankhead gave Hollywood something to talk about. Says a friend of her breezy, often brisk manner, "Tallu is the most refreshing girl to hit town in any year. When she says what she means, nothing is left to the imagination."

SWEDISH actress Marta Toren becomes Humphrey Bogart's new leading lady and a Damascus cafe dancer in his new film "Sirocco." Marta got the role when Universal

agreed to lend her. The picture is her third Hollywood movie with a Near East background.

FOR the first time since the Korean war began, a movie will be filmed in Korea, or rather, important parts will be filmed there with the remainder being shot on Japanese locations. The film is R.K.O.'s "Operation O," for which the cast is incomplete.

ON OTHER PAGES:

Stars of "Stage Fright" Page 45
To Please a Lady Page 46
Brave Film Bid Page 49

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 16, 1950

"Wait'll you see this one!"

Make every moment of your holiday a "big moment" —take one of these new cameras with you and make a snapshot record of all those "super" occasions. Your friends get a thrill out of seeing the pictures you make —snapshots are always fun to show and to share.

Picture-making is easy, too, with a camera from Kodak—loaded with Kodak film, but definitely.



SIX-20 BROWNIE "C" CAMERA

New model box Brownie: Kodak Monotar lens; two large viewfinders; film and instantaneous shutter; all-metal body; 8 exp. 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 in. Price, 46/3.



SIX-20 KODAK "A" (f/4.5) CAMERA

Anastar f/4.5 lens; focusing from 3 1/2 ft. to infinity; Epulon shutter with four speeds to 1/100th and 1 time and "bulb"; 8 exp. 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 in. Price, £12/9/3.

BROWNIE REFLEX CAMERA

Reflex viewfinder shows picture in actual size; time and instantaneos shutter; modern push-button release; 12 exp. 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 in. Price, £4/1/-.



SIX-20 FOLDING BROWNIE CAMERA

Economical and efficient; Monotar lens; film and instantaneous shutter; all-metal body; black-grained leatherette covering; 8 exp. 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 in. Price, £7/2/6.



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that gets the picture



MARCUS

bade all the servants go, and as he himself, the last to leave, was closing the door behind him he heard Jesus say in his gentle and voice: "I particularly wished to eat with you this Passover, for we shall never again eat together until the day when you are with me in the Kingdom of Heaven."

With beating heart Marcus stood listening at the door. What secrets was Jesus going to reveal that night to his familiar friends that would give them, and them alone, the key to the New Kingdom?

Within the hall the ceremony proceeded in solemn dignity and calm. From beyond the door could be heard, like far-off music, the voice of the Master, a few brief dialogues, and the chorus of the prayer thrice repeated.

Suddenly the door opened and Judas appeared, pale, dishevelled, clutching his cloak to his breast as though trying to hide something he was carrying.

Without a word, he stole out of the house, and when he reached the street he could be heard running.

After a few minutes the door again opened, and Jesus came out, followed by his disciples. On his face was the pained calm of one who has just taken some fateful and irrevocable decision.

"Good-bye, Marcus Adonias!" he said, opening his arms and straining the young man to his breast. "I am going, for the time is short. After these my intimate friends, to whom I have bequeathed myself, you have been dearer to me than all the rest because of your candor and sincerity." He smiled at Marcus.

"You were the first to seek me with your heart, and you shall be the first to enter into the Kingdom. Peace be with you!"

"Master," said Marcus, reading in Jesus' face the dreadful anticipation of what awaited him, "you have spoken of being threatened. Stay here in this house to-night! Though Pilatus has recommended Rome to cancel my title to Roman citizenship, that step has not yet been taken.

"I am still a Roman citizen, and none will dare to violate my abode. If anyone attempted to do so, I and

my servants would defend you. We still have our swords!"

"Ah!" said Jesus with a gentle smile, "you gave away everything . . . but you kept your swords! How hard it is to extirpate the heritage of Cain! Hide the swords; they will not be needed!"

"May I at least go with you, Master, to share with you whatever dangers you may meet?"

"Stay at home, my son! You would be offended in me this night!" replied Jesus.

Followed by his disciples, Jesus took one of the little steep streets, all steps, that led down from the Old Town, where Marcus' house stood, and on leaving the city took his usual road leading to Bethany.

Marcus, feeling worried and anxious, decided after a few minutes to follow at a distance.

He saw Jesus look around him and then, instead of proceeding on the Bethany road, move in the direction of a garden that lay between that and the Jericho road.

The garden was surrounded by a low wall of dry stone and was heavily shaded by the big olive trees whose silvery foliage shone in the light of the moon, now near its full.

Seeing Jesus and the disciples disappear among these trees, Marcus followed, clambered over the low wall, and crept cautiously forward.

In a higher part of the orchard, there was a small level space like a threshing-floor, almost entirely bare save for a large rock in the centre.

Before this, as before an altar, Jesus sank limply to his knees, and with his head thrown back in an attitude of utter abandonment, he stared upwards to the sky, his usual posture when in prayer.

Marcus, holding his breath, hid behind a tree-trunk and watched, growing more and more alarmed as time went on.

Jesus was completely unlike his normal self. He was trembling. He sighed, clasped his hands together in a gesture of despair, and murmured as though in anguish: "Father, have pity on me, and take from me this cup!"

The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 51

It was indeed true that the old Jesus survived early in his spirit. His poor human nature, facing the prospect of tortures, had broken down.

So lost did he feel that twice he rose and went back to his disciples, hoping to get from them some word of comfort that might break the anguish of his awful loneliness.

Each time he found them sleeping. "Ah!" he said sorrowfully, "you could not watch even one hour with me!"

But then, seeing their poor weary faces, overcome by fatigue and the emotions of that night, he took pity on them. In their physical exhaustion he saw a reflection of that human failure of his own that was making him tremble.

So he turned away and left them, muttering: "Sleep on, my poor friends! Your spirit is willing, but your flesh is weak!"

LITTLE by little, Jesus' worn countenance seemed to show that he was contemplating things even more dreadful than physical torments.

It was not the petty treachery of Judas that caused him anguish, not the infidelity of the erring disciple who very shortly would be delivering him, with a kiss, into the hands of the executioners. He forgave Judas, and would forgive him even from the cross.

What did overwhelm him was the far greater treachery of all those who, posing as Christians, would betray Christ; of those who would use him as they would use an accomplice, and in his name would stifle the spirit, that most precious and free part of Man.

He heard the cries of those who, abandoned and oppressed, would think that Heaven was deaf to their appeals and doubt the justice of the Father and his love for mankind.

But the Father came to the help of the Redeemer. The moment he heard the tramp of the Temple Guards as they approached and be-

gan to climb over the wall, Jesus regained control of his senses.

He opened his eyes wide, like one awaking from a nightmare, and in a tone once more firm and manly, he said: "Father, I am ready! Hallowed be thy name! Thy will be done!"

He drew himself up to his full height, and stood waiting.

Marcus, still watching from his hiding-place, thought his heart would cease to beat, such was his agony of suspense.

This must be the moment of the miracle! If Jesus were the son of the living God it was not possible that he should fall into the hands of that pack of varlets armed with spears and cudgels.

Angels would descend from the clouds like a flight of eagles, to defend him; something unprecedented would happen between Heaven and Earth that would strike the wretches down.

Suddenly, a figure stepped forward from among the Guards and moved towards the higher ground. Marcus recognised him. It was Judas.

"He's going to kill him!" Marcus thought, and was on the point of rushing at the traitor when he realised that Judas was only advancing to give Jesus a hurried kiss.

"My friend," said Jesus, "what are you doing here at this hour?"

Judas, when touching the face of Jesus with his own, felt something moist. He wiped his cheek with his hand, looked at it, saw it was blood, and recoiled in terror.

"Poor Judas!" said Jesus, "you never learned to love me! You betray me with a kiss!"

But before those words were spoken the Guards had run in and surrounded him. Then Marcus, who had lost all hope of any supernatural intervention, flung himself with a loud shout into the middle of the group.

This man they were tying with a rope and striking with their cudgels was his friend. If he could not rescue him now, he could at least embrace him and show him his affection.

SEEING

a ghost-like form wrapped in a sheet, the guards promptly laid hold of him. "Who is this fellow?" they asked, brandishing their batons.

"It's the madman, the son of Micol of Phabi!" someone said.

In the turmoil Marcus had managed to get close to Jesus, but when he saw him deadly pale, defenceless, and devoid of all semblance of majesty, his own brain ceased to function. He wrenched himself free from the hands that held him, but the sheet, his only covering, remained in their clutches. He fled, naked.

It was the second time he had thus fled by night after imagining that he had looked on the face of a God.

As soon as it was light, the city was in an uproar. A great crowd had gathered before the courtyard of the High Priest and disgraceful rumors were going round.

The man Jesus of Nazareth, who had adopted the style of The Christ, had proclaimed himself the Son of God.

He had—and to this Judas of Keriot bore witness—celebrated the Eve of the Passover in the house of a Roman, the mad son of Micol of Phabi, and had taught his followers a kind of initiation, by bread and wine, that was intended to replace the rite of the Paschal lamb.

Nothing more was needed to let loose the passions of the fanatical mob. Cries of "Put him to death!" arose on all sides.

At the Antonia Tower, the tribune Sisenius Pansa, warned by reports that came in from the night patrols, had aroused Pilatus. The Procurator posted himself on the balcony overlooking the Temple porticoes to see what was happening.

A few minutes later there appeared, coming from the direction of the Old City, a group of Pharisees and Scribes, dragging with them a man whose hands were tied, and followed by a crowd who were yelling: "Put him to death!"

"Lunatics!" remarked Pilatus, as he turned and went indoors.

Please turn to page 56

LOST TOOTH WON BATTLE!

WHEN A VIKING WARRIOR LOST A TOOTH, HE GAVE IT TO HIS SWEETHEART TO BRING HIM LUCK IN BATTLE. KEEP ALL YOUR TEETH. ONLY KOLYNOS FIGHTS DENTAL DECAY THESE THREE WAYS:

- 1. KOLYNOS NEUTRALISES MOUTH ACIDS
- 2. KOLYNOS KILLS THE BACTERIA WHICH CAUSE THESE ACIDS
- 3. KOLYNOS LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN.

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RECENTLY SCIENTISTS DISCOVERED A SHARK'S TOOTH APPROXIMATELY 3,000 YEARS OLD! IT WAS IN PERFECT CONDITION.

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CLEANS BETTER TASTES BETTER LASTS LONGER

RISE STEVENS-KOLYNOS FAN!

Rise Stevens, BRILLIANT STAR OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, ALWAYS USES KOLYNOS. CHANGE TO KOLYNOS YOURSELF - AND SEE YOUR TEETH SPARKLE WITH NEW LUSTRE

SWEETNESS ON THE TIP OF YOUR TONGUE

THE ONLY PART OF YOUR TONGUE WHICH CAN TASTE SWEET FLAVOUR IS THE TIP. YOUR TONGUE WILL APPRECIATE REFRESHING KOLYNOS THAT COOL, MINTY KOLYNOS FLAVOUR LASTS AND LASTS.

SO HIGHLY CONCENTRATED

ONE TUBE OF KOLYNOS LASTS AS LONG AS TWO TUBES OF ORDINARY TOOTH PASTE. HALF AN INCH IS PLENTY.

BORN LUCKY!



Yes, baby, you were born lucky—simply in the fact that you were born an Australian.

Unlike babies being born in many parts of the world, you will grow up in a free and sunny land. The bounty of the earth and the fruits of invention will be yours; the opportunities to win and enjoy the good things of life will be assured to you—if we secure your future as our forefathers secured *ours*.

★ ★ ★

That the future of Australia, and of all democratic countries, is gravely threatened can no longer be doubted. It is abundantly clear that the forces of communist aggression

are ever poised, waiting to strike wherever and whenever a weakness appears along the democratic front.

Only in military strength is there any guarantee of a secure future. The Navy, the Army and the Air Force need the services of every available man—not only men for the permanent forces, but also men who will, by volunteering for part-time training, help to build up the large reserve strengths necessary. And backing these forces must be a united population determined to produce the materials and supplies required.

To help make Australia strong—that is the supreme duty and responsibility of every Australian at this time.

What we do over the next few years will determine the fate and future of Australia

Issued by the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia.

DA35,145,110

IN front of the Governor's house the crowd stopped. It was the Eve of the Passover and no one would make himself unclean by crossing the threshold of a pagan. Jesus was handed over to the Guard who took him before Pilatus.

The Governor looked him up and down with an air of disdain, and asked, "Of what is he accused?"

"They say that he has proclaimed himself King of the Jews," stated Pansa. "To me he looks like an ordinary poor man."

Pilatus burst out laughing. "It's incredible! Imagine these people still thinking of a King! Where does he had from?"

"From Galilee; he's called Jesus of Nazareth."

"Nazareth?" said Pilatus. "Nazareth is not in Judea! It is in Antipias' jurisdiction. That spy of an Antipias is here in Jerusalem. Take this man along to him!"

After escaping from the garden of Gethsemane Marcus took refuge with Miriam of Magdala, who gave him a linen cloth to cover himself. When it was dawn he went to his own house, where he found assembled all the disciples except Peter.

The unfortunate men, terrified by the arrest of Jesus, had thought that the safest place for them was the house of the young Roman. Satisfied that they were in no immediate danger, Marcus hastened to the Antonia Tower, hoping to get a word with Claudia Procula.

Of all the Roman garrison, the wife of Pilatus was the only person who still maintained friendly relations with him, in secret.

"My poor Marcus!" she said now, "I am just as distressed as you are, but I fear the worst from Pilatus. He is so severe with the Hebrews!"

"He is severe, but he is just!" replied Marcus. "I know myself that he is just! It would be criminal if he convicted this innocent man!"

"Tell me," asked Claudia eagerly, "you who have followed him and seen his miracles, tell me, is this Jesus really the God-Man of the divine Parousia, he for whom we have waited?"

Marcus hung his head, disconsolate, broken hearted.

"Claudia," he replied, "I used to believe it . . . but to-day my doubts have got the better of my faith. If you saw him now you would be convinced that he was too wretched to be a God. But he is a good man, Claudia, a good and upright man. If the Gods were as good and upright as he is, men would be less unhappy than they are."

Meantime, the noisy mob was returning from the Royal Palace, where Antipias had declined to have anything to do with the trial of Jesus. So they dragged him back again to the Antonia Tower.

Pilatus was much annoyed, but ordered Pansa to have the accused man brought to his tablinum for interrogation. He was hard and heartless in dealing with the Hebrews, but he was unwilling to play the part of an accomplice in crimes arising out of religious fanaticism.

When Jesus was brought before him, he said sharply, "You have heard what you are accused of? Are you King of the Jews?"

Jesus replied calmly, "True, I was born a King . . . but my Kingdom is not of this world!"

"He is mad, poor fellow!" Pilatus said to himself. Then he went on ironically: "I quite understand! Your Kingdom is in the clouds . . . Then what are you doing here? And why did you come here?"

"I came," replied Jesus, still calmly, "to bring the Truth!"

Pilatus frowned. The answer left him perplexed. This time it did not seem like the answer of a madman.

The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 54

"The Truth!" he said. "And what is Truth?"

Jesus sighed deeply, and raised his eyes to the sky above.

"Father," he said to himself, "look down on Man! From the days of Adam to the end of the world that unhappy creature will never

Naughty Xmas cards

GRANDMA, just over 70 years ago, was fighting a gallant action against what she regarded as a disgusting new trend in Christmas cards.

She objected strongly to the nudes and noggins that adorned the Christmas cards reaching her through the mail.

A mercenary and caddish fellow named W. S. Coleman, one of many famous English artists attracted by big money in the card industry, had designed a series of nude decorations for the traditional printed Yuletide greetings.

Although the cards shocked the prim Victorian ladies, the series was a sell-out.

Puritans condemned these cards as "a positive incitement to wine bibbing."

The full and interesting history of Christmas cards is told in A.M. for December. Buy your copy to-day.

cease to put to himself that question—'What is Truth?' But to Pilatus he made no reply.

At that moment Claudia Procula entered the room.

"Do not condemn that innocent man!" she begged, on the verge of tears. "He is without blame!"

Pilatus, who despite his soldierly brusqueness was always tender and

considerate towards his wife, promised her not to be too severe. He handed Jesus over to Tricongius, to be flogged.

But it was all useless. The mob, infuriated by religious hatred, was clamoring for the death of Jesus, for death on the cross.

When, half an hour later, Pilatus appeared on the little balcony of the Tower and showed them the accused man after he had been subjected to the flogging, the sight of that poor body served only to excite still more the vindictiveness of the Pharisees.

Many of them began to demonstrate aggressively against Pilatus himself, shouting, "You're an enemy of Caesar's! We shall report you to Rome!"

Among these the Governor observed a group of Herodians who were waving their arms and making threatening gestures. He was aware that Herod had been spying on him and communicating with Rome, and that Tiberius was extremely suspicious.

Having tried in vain to get acceptance of a compromise by which Jesus should now be set free and the miserable Barabbas executed in his stead, he made up his mind to condemn him.

Calling for a tablet, he wrote on it Cenevigator and handed it to Tricongius.

Marcus, who with Miriam of Magdala had been waiting before the main gate to hear the result, saw Jesus emerge from the atrium of the Antonia Tower, bent under the weight of a big squared log of cedar-wood.

He was surrounded by a double rank of soldiers, lance in hand, who had much difficulty in holding back the ferocious mob.

"My poor friend," Marcus groaned, falling in with Miriam behind the soldiers,

No longer did Marcus believe in a Messiah, a Dionysus, a Son of the Living God. He who was undergoing this ghastly suffering could only be a mere man.

It was near midday when the sad procession arrived at the place of execution, a bare open space at the top of a hillock outside the Ephraim Gate, known as The Place of the Skull.

Tricongius, who, under the orders of the centurion Cornelius, was in command of the execution squad, had already nailed two robbers to their crosses, men convicted before Jesus and sentenced to die that day.

When Jesus reached the hill his hands were untied and they removed his tunic.

It was then that Miriam of Magdala forced her way through the circle of soldiers, carrying a bowl in her hand. It was a concoction of wine and myrrh that served to deaden the senses of the sufferer and throw him into a stupor.

"Let me give him this drink!" she said to Tricongius, who made no objection. It was a usual ritual.

"Master," she said, her eyes dimmed by tears, "drink this, my Master!"

Jesus gave his faithful follower a loving look of gratitude, put his lips to the bowl, but did not drink. Without a murmur he lay down on the cross and let himself be nailed to it.

Scarcely was the cross planted in its hole when suddenly the light failed. A kind of thick mist settled on the Mount of Olives.

Deep rumblings of thunder drew nearer and more frequent until they merged into a continuous roar.

Please turn to page 58

Ford Pills are wonderful for all your family

This grateful mother writes:

There used to be one or another of my kiddies sick or out of sorts. Their stomach troubles used to last for days. Now, at the first sign of crankiness, stomach trouble or loss of appetite, I give them a Ford Pill and they are right again in a few hours. Baby, who is just 10 months, gets half a Ford Pill crushed in honey. We've never been so well and I think Ford Pills are wonderful.

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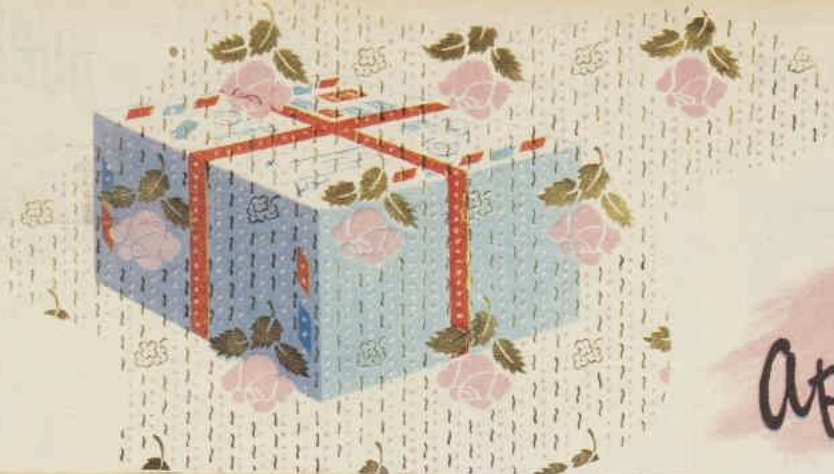
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 16, 1950

Page 57

BUDGET-PRICED FOUNDATIONS

FOR EVERY FIGURE AND FITTING



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FOR BURNS, CUTS BLISTERS

BETTER HAVE HANDY YOUR



The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 56

UNDER Solomon's Portico and in the courts of the Temple, the heads of families, crowded together and each carrying a lamb, could no longer see one another. From the whole mountain arose a confused clamor of sounds.

A terrific wind that had sprung up levelled and carried away the tents, flattened or scattered the huts, tore up the trees by the roots. The olive trees in the garden of Gethsemane could be seen swirling and gleaming white like waves breaking on a sea-shore.

Branches of trees and clods of earth flew through the air and crashed on roofs of houses.

Then, of a sudden, in the black darkness that enveloped the hill, there arose a cry of a different kind, a mighty, shrill, inhuman cry that seemed to concentrate within itself all the pains and horrors of the world, and by the light of a huge flash it was seen that Jesus' head had fallen forward on his chest.

At the same instant an appalling clap of thunder shook the mountain, and the hurricane seemed to redouble its strength.

The Temple had been struck.

For more than an hour the intense darkness persisted. Torrential rain fell on the city and the surrounding hills, driven by a wind of unprecedented force. In the Temple no sacrifice had been possible.

Then, towards the tenth hour, there came a glimmer of daylight. Finally, the curtain of cloud was rent and as the evening wore on a bright ray of sunlight illuminated the scene of Calvary.

The two robbers were now almost at their last gasp. Between them, the body of Jesus, washed clean by the rain and made more pallid by death, shone as though in some superhuman ecstasy.

His countenance, emaciated though it was, had recovered its beauty, and seemed to express, in a last passionate outburst of affection, the message: "I love you all, O men, who have crucified me!"

In the evening of the day of the crucifixion Marcus, accompanied by the two members of the Sanhedrin, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, who in secret had been numbered among the followers of Jesus, with the assistance of Miriam of Magdala and the other women who followed him, had conducted the burial of the Master.

Then Marcus had returned to his house, where he had found the disciples, still frightened and anxious after the stress of all that had happened that day.

Poor fishermen, taken away from their occupation, from their families, from their daily cares, they now found themselves alone, persecuted, deprived of the guidance of him who had strengthened them by his example.

How were they to accomplish their mission of fishers of men and bearers of the Glad News? What miracle would invest their words with authority?

"When you eat the bread and drink the wine in which I am bequeathing myself to you, do it in memory of me, who loved you so greatly." Thus had the Master spoken.

To recall his presence, Peter had taken some bread and wine, blessed them in the words of the formula of the Last Supper, and distributed them among those around him. Marcus, too, had eaten and drunk, and felt almost intoxicated after so many horrors.

The awful death of Jesus had left him completely crushed, incapable of further effort. He had no more hope of ever seeing Varilia again, or of

entering into that Kingdom that Jesus had promised to his faithful followers.

There was, however, one matter that held him in suspense, that tormented his mind and made it impossible for him to sleep. Jesus had many a time declared: "I shall be put to death, but after three days I shall rise again."

That third day was now approaching. If the promises of the Master were sincere, he would rise again on that day. Then all doubts as to his being the Saviour of the World would be resolved.

As though impelled by some irresistible force Marcus felt he could not remain in the house that Sabbath night. Without a word to anyone, he stole out, passed the Ephraim Gate, skirted the slope of the Calvary, and reached the boundary of the garden belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, in which was the tomb of Jesus.

The soldiers posted there on guard were strolling about, talking among themselves under the light of the moon, now low on the horizon. Marcus sat down at the foot of a low wall of dry stone, determined to keep watch on the tomb until daylight.

Shortly before dawn, rumbling shook the mountain as though a supporting wall had somewhere collapsed, filling the air with the dull crash of its fall. Calvary rocked to its foundations.

Frightened out of his wits, Marcus crouched by the wall. The great stone that sealed the tomb of Jesus had been dislodged, and a sort of phantom-like shape could be seen through the narrow entrance. It was the dead body, wrapped in its shroud, just as Marcus had seen it when it had been laid there.

ALL at once, the bands loosened of themselves, unrolled, fell from the body—the head was there, uncovered, with its nut-brown hair floating in the chill morning breeze, the slight fair beard, the shining forehead. The eyes were open.

Little by little the shoulders appeared, then the arms, then the whole body, as Marcus had seen it that day of the baptism in the Jordan.

There was not the slightest trace on that firm and delicate flesh of any mark of the flogging—it was only on the hands and feet that could be seen the marks of the nails, and in the side was the wound made by Tricongus' lance thrust.

It was he, the risen Jesus, risen, as he had promised Marcus and the disciples. So he was indeed the Messiah!

Marcus tried to call aloud to him, but his voice died in his throat. All that came from his lips was a feeble gasp.

Once free of the shroud and its wrappings, Jesus stretched out his arms in the gesture of confident unconstraint usual when he prayed. He raised his eyes to the sky, where the pale stars were going into hiding.

Suddenly there came a great rushing sound, as if a huge flight of eagles were sweeping down on its prey. Around the mountain the air throbbed.

Jesus rose from the ground and ascended in the midst of its pulsating vibrations, as though he were carried aloft on the wings of the first morning light. Then, like a transient sun-ray, he was lost to view.

Like one demented Marcus ran to the tomb and peered inside. On the threshold lay the discarded shroud, within there remained nothing but the sweet scent of balsam and myrrh.

Please turn to page 61

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715



716



717



718



719



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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These four d'oyleys are traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen; sheer linen in pastel shades of blue, lemon, white, pink, and green; also in organdie in the same colors. Price: Linen 1/-, or set of 4 3/6. Organdie 9d. ea., or set of 4 2/6. Postage 3/4d. extra for each d'oyley, 4/4d. extra for set of 4.

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No. 717—GIRL'S PYJAMA SUIT
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No. 718—BOY'S PYJAMA SUIT
A practical little pyjama suit for the small boy. The material is a plain British cotton in blue, deep cream, light fawn, and cut out ready to make. Sizes: Length 20in., 2yrs., price 12/11, postage 1/1. Length 21in., 3yrs., price 13/2, postage 1/1. Length 22in., 4yrs., price 14/11, postage 1/2. Length 23in., 5-6yrs., price 15/8, postage 1/2.

No. 719—FROCK
So cool and casual for these warm days, this very attractive frock is cut out ready to make in a "Springtime" cambric with a small floral-and-spot design on pale green, lemon, pink, and blue grounds. Sizes: 30-34in. bust, 26/11; 34-38in. bust, 28/3; postage 2/6 extra.

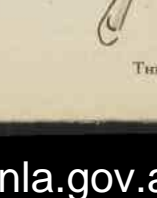
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Fashion FROCKS

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SHIRLEY—A very smart design with pretty bodice treatment and full skirt. The material is a British printed half-cord in floral tonings of aqua and blue on a white ground; dark rose and pink on a white ground; mauve and dark rose on a white ground; and apricot and lemon on a white ground.
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The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 58

REELING like a drunken man, Marcus shouted, "He has risen. The Messiah has risen! Jesus has risen!"

Miriam of Magdala, who also had determined to pay an early visit to the tomb and who had been caught in the earthquake on her way, was running towards him panic-stricken. "Adonias! Where is the Master?"

"He has risen, Miriam!" cried Marcus, falling into her arms. "He has ascended into Heaven! I must let the disciples know!" With that he ran towards the Ephraim Gate.

Half an hour later the disciples, who still remained together in the hall of the Last Supper, saw him burst in like a whirlwind.

"Brothers!" he exclaimed as he embraced them in turn. "Brothers! The Master has risen from the dead, just as he promised! Go to Galilee, where you are sure to see him in all his glory! I shall have to leave you. My exile is over. I am leaving for Rome."

"I shall see Tiberius and tell him of the great event. The Saviour of the World has come, and it will be for Rome, the capital of that world, to inaugurate the worship of the God-Man, who died to redeem us from all Evil by the rule of Love!"

He rushed out of the house and ran to the Temple, shouting as he went through the streets: "He has risen from the dead! Jesus of Nazareth is no longer in his tomb! Go and see for yourselves! He was the Messiah, the Saviour of the World!"

Within the Temple the news threw the Levites, who were then busy with the morning service, into the greatest confusion. A few Pharisees, who happened to be present under the porticos, held a meeting at which there were mysterious confabulations.

Meanwhile Marcus was hastening to leave the city by the Joppa Gate and take the road leading to Emmaus. He was thinking fond thoughts of Jesus, and of Varilla. Now he was sure of seeing her again and embracing her once more in a world of light and happiness.

Suddenly he became aware of hurried footsteps behind him.

Marcus looked round. Four men were running after him, their cloaks flying. They were Pharisees, he realised at once.

When they came within ten paces of him they stopped without a word, picked up large stones, and began savagely throwing them at him.

Utterly bewildered, Marcus could think of no reason for this assault. He tried to escape into the adjoining field, among the tamarisks and thistles, calling out: "Why are you attacking me? I don't even know you!"

A big stone struck him on the chest, and another on the forehead. He fell, but got up again, bleeding freely. "Why do you want to kill me?" he cried.

For answer the four Pharisees rushed at him and pelted him at close range.

"You wretched lunatic!" they yelled, "it was you that spread the report of Jesus of Nazareth rising from the dead! Now you're going to die yourself!"

Then Marcus remembered the words of Jesus: "You shall be the first to enter into the Kingdom." He made no further effort to avoid the stones. Streaming with blood, he fell on his knees amongst the bushes and addressed himself to Christ:

"Master, I have followed you, loved you, and witnessed your wonderful works, but I doubted of you when put to the proof. I am unworthy to carry the Glad Tidings to men. I have had the privilege

of announcing your resurrection. Take me now to yourself, according to your divine promise."

Then he fell dead amid the tamarisk bushes . . .

A few hours later, on the road to Emmaus, two disciples coming down from Jerusalem were discussing the events of the past few days. It happened that they came across a man sitting on a stone by the roadside.

As they were passing he saluted them: "Peace be with you, brothers!" Then he rose and joined them, and all three walked on together.

He asked the disciples what it was they had been talking about that seemed to interest them so much.

Saddened and astonished, they stopped and gazed at him, and one of them, called Cleopatra, replied: "You must be the only one of all the strangers coming from Jerusalem who does not know the things that have happened there in the past few days!"

"And what has happened?" asked the unknown man.

"We spoke of Jesus of Nazareth, a prophet mighty in his works and in his teaching before God and all the people, and how the priests and the magistrates had him condemned to death and crucified him. Now, some of our brothers say he has risen from the dead, but we don't know what to think about such a miracle as that, and we cannot believe it."

SLOWLY the unknown man spoke: "O foolish ones, why are ye so slow to believe the prophets? Was it not written that the Christ should thus suffer and die, and after three days should rise again and return in glory?"

The two disciples said no more, but walked timidly on with their companion, whom they took to be a rabbi, learned in the Law.

When they reached Emmaus the unknown man made as if to continue on his way, but the disciples besought him to stay.

"Sir," they said, "remain with us, for already the day is far spent and it is growing dark."

So he went in and stayed with them.

When they were seated at table, he blessed the bread, broke it, and handed it to his two companions.

As he did this, they recognised him. He was the risen Jesus.

Twenty centuries have passed, and perhaps never more than now have men felt the need for saying to Jesus: "Lord, abide with us, for it grows dark."

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FIRST long instalment will appear next week of "Geordie," a delightful new novel by David Walker.

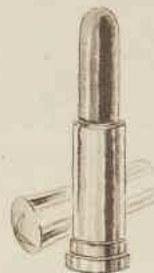
The love story of a Highland boy who becomes a champion at putting the shot, it is a fresh and appealing tale that combines romance and deep human interest with excellent character drawing.

You will like Geordie. You will laugh and grieve with him in his joys and tribulations. And you will personally know those close to him—Mum, Jean, the Laird, the Reverend Mac-Nab who started him on an athletic career.

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FAMILY AFFAIRS

Holidays can mean slavery for mothers

By KAY MELAUN, staff reporter

Summer is officially here and Christmas is just around the corner; in other words it is the time of the year when most people are planning holidays.

If the expression on mother's face is fretful, resigned, cynical, or otherwise the reverse of joyful, it is because holidays are the time of the year she dreads most.

YET this need not be so, even if for the average mother a holiday can never be the rest and relaxation she needs and deserves.

The beach cottage, which provides a compromise for families who cannot afford the expense of a hotel or boarding-house, need not be such a burden on the mother as it often is.

A mother of three told me: "Until I rebelled, the cottage holiday inflicted all the pains and penalties of housekeeping without the comforts of home."

"I envied the childless married couples whose only problem was accommodation, who merely tossed a few clothes in a suitcase, hopped in a train, and breakfasted at ease in a hotel dining-room."

"We've never struck a really comfortable holiday house—and there's always the difficulty of getting supplies. A smile at the tradespeople doesn't pay off in scarce vegetables, tender meat, or Australian cigarettes."

"The children are good, average kids, but they think they have made mighty strokes when they've done the washing up. Then they're rushing off to the beach."

"The beach has no particular charms for me. I don't tan easily. I'm in the stylish stout shopping range, and I always feel a fool in a bathing-suit."

"Most of the time I'm a beach watchdog over the clothes, nagging at the younger ones so they don't get too sunburned, yelling my head off when Jimmy, our elder boy, goes out too far, or just paddling with the youngest."

"Friends are very thoughtless, too, when you have a cottage. They drop in for the day, and although it's jolly having them they make extra work."

"Those are the drawbacks to the cottage holiday. I used to sit and moan about it and be a pretty effective wet blanket on everybody until the day came when I made up my mind that it was no use longing for a hotel promenade I could not afford."

"I determined to get the maximum amount of fun out of the holiday available to me."

"I organised the family along the lines that this was my holiday, too. They called me Marshal Stalin at first, but now my husband and two elder children hop into the housework and take pride in seeing that

poor old Mum has some part of every day for reading or a nap.

"Now I just toss the work and worry over my shoulder. If we eat out of tins most of the time, I console myself that we get so much sun and salt that vitamins don't count so desperately."

"I found that you can have real fun if you scrap the idea of trying to look like a Palm Beach dream all the time, and settle for easy clothes, scratch meals, and pot-luck entertainment instead of bringing your conventional ideas with you."

"After all we have our family holiday together—which is the main thing so far as we're concerned."

One middle-aged husband, the father of five, said camping was his compromise on the holiday needs of each member of his family—especially mother.

"When we were first married we stayed at a hotel or guest-house," he said. "When we had one child we took a cottage. But the cottage became a nightmare to my wife when the family increased."

"Our idea of a real holiday is a month in a super luxury hotel on Hayman Island, with two nurses to look after the children."

Tent comforts

"SHORT of the cash to make that possible, we bundle ourselves, kids, mattresses, blankets, sheets, pressure stove, ice-chest, lamp, and all the ceteras on a truck and head for camp."

"We have a big tent and consider we have as many comforts as you can get in a cottage."

"My wife is under no compulsion to spend her holiday sweeping or dusting. Housework is reduced to a minimum. The children make their own beds and everyone helps with meals."

"Everyone lives in bathing togs and play-clothes so laundry is practically nil."

"There's the feeling, too, that the kids are under our eye, yet not under our feet."



PADDLING with the youngest at water's edge while keeping an eye on the eldest beyond the breakers is often mother's part in the family beach holiday.

"Although we have the usual worries about sunburn, drowning, sharks, rifle accidents, and cut feet on broken glass, they are just the anxieties that parenthood is heir to."

"At least I know that when we get home my wife will mean it when she says our holiday has been fun."

Camping is anathema to some people. Bachelor girls who can't afford a long luxury holiday would do better to devote all the money they would spend in three weeks at a resort they're not happy in to one week at a place that gives them the rest, relaxation, and recreation they have earned during the year.

Although prices these days would daunt the strongest heart, less expensive cottages and a bathing-suit are adequate equipment for the average Australian summer holiday.

Taking too many clothes can be just as great an embarrassment at a place where people don't dress up as too few when everyone else changes three times a day into something new each time.

Eternal preoccupation over clothes on your holiday or frantic sewing to get yet another dress finished is an artificial worry that takes the true spirit out of what should be the one carefree period of the year.

And if you—bachelor man or girl—have no congenial friend to go with you, don't stop to think you might be lonely. You won't be.

Having picked your resort carefully and budgeted to it, you'll find it full of people like yourself, eager to make friends on a holiday that everyone wants to be the happiest time of their lives.

It isn't grubby kiddies that make a bath look old and dirty...



It's harsh cleaning



But if you sprinkle a little VIM on a soft cloth...



VIMs added cleansing power will remove grime without harming the porcelain



BEAUTY RETURNS!



Constipation ruins your good looks and causes many ills—sick headaches, a weary, tired feeling, unpleasant breath and liverish symptoms.

If you have such symptoms, start a course of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills to-night. These vegetable laxative pills are gentle but effective.

The overnight tonic action of Dr. Morse's Pills works while you sleep undisturbed, and quickly brings about a return to normal health and beauty.

**DR. MORSE'S
INDIAN ROOT
PILLS**

THE FAMILY SCRAPBOOK

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

"ALWAYS finish what you start." This has passed for sound advice and has been handed to children for generations. But is it really so sound?

Take seven-year-old Eddie Foster, for instance. With great enthusiasm he started to put together a complicated aeroplane model which his Uncle Bill had given him. An hour's effort proved that the job was far beyond him. Then Eddie's parents did the wise thing. They helped him

feel not too unhappy about putting it away until he was older.

Mary Lou started making some clothes for her doll. She found it great fun to sew. So much so, indeed, that she decided to make herself an apron and put aside her doll's wardrobe. Was that unwise?

Finishing the job is a good way to work, but there's nothing sacred about it. Intelligent choice is a far more important thing than an unswerving determination to finish what one has started no matter what the situation.



"Always finish what you start."

There's a Peck's Paste for every Taste!

PAMPER PAPA WITH PECK'S BLOATER PASTE



"The tangiest, tastiest paste of them all," he says. And no wonder. For Peck's import the best of the catch of Yarmouth Bloaters and blend them into a smooth, easy-spread-ing paste that is full of concentrated flavour. A little Peck's Bloater Paste goes a long way... try it in the new small 1½ oz. size.

DAD DOTES ON PECK'S BEEF PASTE

"I certainly go for that MEATY flavour, any way you serve it." Peck's Beef Paste is ALL meat, ALL flavour—the choicest cuts of the choicest beef, cooked and blended with tender care. Keep a jar on hand always, and then—presto!—meat sandwiches, savouries and hot dishes can be whipped up at a moment's notice.



JIM'S READY FOR ANYTHING AS LONG AS IT'S TURKEY..



With a man-sized appetite, young Jim takes a lot of filling, but watch him take a new interest in sandwiches when they're Peck's Beef, Tongue & Turkey. Peck's buy turkeys straight from the farm, blend them with fresh-cooked tongue and beef to make nourishing, tasty paste for turkey lovers. This wholesome, mild meat paste is wonderful for kiddies' lunches—and they love it!

IT'S TUNA PASTE FOR MOTHER



"All Peck's pastes are good, but the new one is my favourite... Peck's TUNA. It's mild and spicy and deliciously different to anything I've ever tasted! When YOU feel like something new, take a tip from mother and ask your grocer for Peck's Tuna Paste. One taste and you'll know why everyone is praising this new taste-sensation. Made from big Tasman Tuna, it has a tantalising savoury flavour all its own. Wonderful for savouries, sandwiches and tasty dishes.

VEAL HAM & CHICKEN ... THAT'S FOR SUSAN



"Makes my mouth water just to think of it," says Sue and she echoes the preference of everyone who loves the delicate, delicious flavour of plump young chickens, sugar-cured ham and fresh-cooked veal. If you haven't yet tried Peck's Veal, Ham and Chicken, you're missing something really special. Buy a jar this week. It's available in the new small size as well as the 2½ oz. jar.

TRY THIS FOR BREAKFAST!

ANCHOVETTE BREAKFAST POPOVERS

One tablesp. Anchovette, 1-3rd cup bran, 2 cup milk, 1 tablesp. lemon rind, 1 tablesp. lemon juice, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch cayenne, 1 tablesp. butter, 1 egg, good pinch bicarbonate soda.

Add the soda and milk to the bran and then the beaten egg, lemon rind and juice. Sift flour and cayenne well and rub in butter and Anchovette and stir into the bran mixture. Two-thirds fill deep patty tins and cook in a hot oven (temp. 425 degrees F.) for 10 to 12 minutes. Serve while hot with parsley butter balls.

ANCHOVETTE • BLOATER PASTE • SALMON & ANCHOVY • TUNA
BEEF • BEEF, TONGUE & TURKEY • VEAL, HAM & CHICKEN

ASK ABOUT THE NEW SMALL SIZES!



Plan Ahead For XMAS Week

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

● The wise homemaker will plan economical meals during the coming week to ease the strain that Christmas imposes on the budget.

ECONOMY meals can be just as interesting and appetising as you choose to make them. Cleverly done, they can have full nutritional value, flavor, and appetite appeal.

The menus suggested here, besides being economical, are easy and quick to prepare. Some of the dishes may be partly prepared in advance, perhaps in the early morning or when the day's plans leave an odd half-hour which may well be used for dinner preparation.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1

(See color photograph)

Chilled tomato juice
Meat and salad casseroles
Peach custard ambrosia
Coffee

MEAT AND SALAD CASSOLETTES

One twelve ounce tin luncheon meat or 1½ cups minced cold meat, ½ cup cooked peas, ½ cup cooked diced carrot, ½ cup mayonnaise, 4 slices day-old sandwich bread cut 1½ in. to 2 in. thick, butter, tomato slices, cucumber slices, lettuce, parsley, celery curls, radish roses.

Remove centre crumb from each slice of bread leaving hollow cases with walls about ½ in. to ¾ in. thick. Brush inside and out with melted butter, place on oven tray and bake in moderate oven until lightly browned and crisp. Cut meat up very finely or put through mincer. Mix with peas, carrot, and mayonnaise. Fill into cold casseroles. Garnish with tomato slices and parsley. Serve with other salad ingredients. Makes four casseroles.

PEACH CUSTARD AMBROSIA

Half pint custard, sliced peaches, 4 peach halves, 6 tablespoons cake crumbs, 2 tablespoons coconut, 2 tablespoons peach syrup, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, almond essence to taste, cherries and whipped cream to decorate.

Combine cake crumbs, coconut, syrup, condensed milk, lemon juice, and almond essence. Fill into cavity in each peach half. Arrange a layer of sliced peaches in each of four serving dishes. Add custard. Place a stuffed peach half in each dish. Decorate each with whipped cream and cherries. Serve very cold. Four servings.

MENU 2

(See color photograph)

Papaw appetiser
Individual Killarney pie
Peas, shredded cabbage, carrots
Biscuits and cheese
Coffee

PAPAW APPETISER

Two cups diced papaw, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons sherry,

1 tablespoon lemon juice, baby lettuce leaves.

Combine papaw, sugar, sherry, and lemon juice. Chill well. Serve in baby lettuce leaves. Four servings.

KILLARNEY PIE

One pound minced steak (minced at home for preference), 1 tablespoon chopped onion, ½ cup grated carrot, ½ cup diced celery, salt, pepper, ½ cup tomato juice, 2 tablespoons flour blended with 1 cup water, 2 cups mashed potato, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon powdered milk, 1 dessertspoon fresh milk, parsley.

Combine steak, onion, carrot, celery, salt, pepper, tomato juice, and blended flour. Stir until boiling, simmer until tender. Fill into four individual size oven-ware dishes. Top with mashed potato creamed with butter, powdered milk, fresh milk, and grated onion. Score with a fork or knife blade after brushing with milk. Re-heat and brown in moderate oven. Garnish with parsley. Makes four individual pies.

MENU 3

Chilled pineapple juice
Sliced Aberdeen roll
Tomato, lettuce, shredded carrot, potato salad
Apricot coconut squares with fruit sauce

ABERDEEN ROLL

One pound topside or round steak, 5 or 6 oz. fat bacon, 1 cup white breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 finely chopped, skinned tomato, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons chopped onion, 1 egg, browned crumbs.

Put steak through mincer, mix with bacon (also minced), white crumbs, salt, pepper, tomato, sauce, and onion. Bind with beaten egg. Shape into a roll on floured pudding cloth, roll up and tie ends securely. Cook 2 hours in boiling water. When cool remove cloth, toss roll in browned crumbs. Allow to become quite cold before slicing.

APRICOT COCONUT SQUARES

Four ounces butter or other shortening, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, few drops almond essence, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups plain flour, pinch salt, apricot jam, 1 cup coconut.

Cream shortening with lemon rind, essence, and half a cup of the sugar. Add one egg, lightly beaten. Mix well, then work in sifted flour and salt. Spread over greased slab tin, cover with apricot jam. Beat remaining egg, add balance of sugar and coconut. Spread over mixture in tin. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F. gas, 425 deg. F. electric) 20 to 30 minutes. Cut into squares and serve hot with fruit sauce.

Fruit Sauce: Combine ½ cup juice from any fresh fruit with 1 or 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Add sugar to taste. Bring to boiling point, thicken with 2 teaspoons arrowroot, blend smoothly with ½ cup water. Add a nut of butter.



CHILLED TOMATO JUICE, meat and vegetable salad filled into a crisp bread-case, peach custard ambrosia, and coffee make the tempting and delicious dinner menu illustrated above. It does not actually look to be an economy menu, but it is. Cold cooked meat or tinned luncheon meat may be used for the meat casseroles.



ATTRACTIVE SERVICE and skilful color combination make this simple dinner look very tempting. The flavor, too, is all it should be. Papaw appetiser, individual Killarney pie, vegetables, and salad snippets are the dishes illustrated. Any fruit appetiser may be served in place of the papaw, or a sweet may be served instead.

Children thrive on CERIX PUFFED WHEAT!



As soon as you open up your first packet of CERIX Puffed Wheat you can see that it is a genuine, whole-wheat product—because CERIX is nothing but whole-wheat EXPLODED to many times its original size for easy digestibility and instant serving. Something entirely new in the way of breakfast cereals, CERIX looks like popcorn... and tastes delicious with milk and sugar. Children love it for a change! You will, too, so ask your grocer for CERIX Puffed Wheat to-day.

MADE BY THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY

Women can feel better from to-day

All over Australia women are loudly praising Potter's Fematone! It's new! Has included in its 28 ingredients some of the most recent discoveries. It's good for women of all ages—was formulated by leading scientists for women only. When you feel out of sorts, nervy or when convalescing after illness or operations, Potter's Fematone will start doing you good from the first dose.

"From almost the first dose," says Miss S.R.

Here is her letter in full: "I feel I must pen you a letter of appreciation for your wonder tonic Fematone. From almost the first dose it started to give me that uplifted feeling and renewed energy. One thing you may be certain I shall never be without a bottle in my home. I am grateful for such a standby in these trying times. My job entails close figure work and no doubt you would realise what a nervous strain this entails. Thanking you, Yours sincerely, Miss S.R."

Help Yourself to Health—To-day!

POTTER'S

fematone

A MODERN TONIC FOR WOMEN OF ALL AGES

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS **6/6** PER BOTTLE

*Out of consideration for the writers, the Distributors of Potter's Fematone do not publish names and addresses of those who write praising Fematone, but the original can readily be inspected at the Head Office.

DISTRIBUTORS: POTTER & BIRKS PTY. LTD., SYDNEY.



Cherry pie wins prize of £5

TOPPED with snowy swirls of marshmallow and brimful with flavor, cherry pie will colorfully qualify for family or special occasions. Recipe is given below.

NOW that cherries are in season make this luscious cherry pie with marshmallow topping. It's sure to become one of your most popular warm weather desserts.

Consolation prizes of £1 each go to a summer sherbet flavored with apricots, banana, and almond essence, an economy steak dinner which is equally good served hot with vegetables or cold with salad, and a delicious mulberry jam.

Add these prize-winners to your recipes files.

All spoon measurements are level.

MARSHMALLOW CHERRY PIE
One cooked and cooled 8in. pastry case (biscuit pastry or short-crust), 1lb. cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 dessertspoons cornflour.

Marshmallows: 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-white, colored coconut.

Bring water and sugar to boil, add washed, stemmed cherries. Simmer until soft, stir in blended cornflour, simmer 2 or 3 minutes longer. When cooled fill into pastry case. Prepare marshmallow. Boil sugar, gelatine, and water 5 minutes. When cooled and beginning to thicken beat until thick and white. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, vanilla, and lemon juice. Pile on top of cherries, decorate with colored coconut. Chill before serving.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. H. Bell, 2 Railway Terrace, Alherton East, S.A.

SUMMER SHERBET

Two cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 2 eggs, 1 banana, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sieved stewed apricots, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond essence, cherries to decorate.

Soak gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Warm balance of milk, pour on to beaten egg-yolks and sugar. Stir over low heat until thickened to custard consistency. Add soaked gelatine, apricot pulp, and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Mix well. Freeze 2 hours in refrigerator trays. Remove from trays. Add mashed banana, almond essence, and lemon juice. Beat until smooth. Return to trays, freeze until firm. Serve decorated with cherries.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Tully, Lillimur, Vic.

MULBERRY JAM

Wash berries, pinch or cut off end stalks. Place in preserving pan with lemon juice, allowing juice of 1 lemon to each 2 or 3lb. of fruit. Bring very slowly to boil, simmer until fruit is soft. Measure, allow 1 cup warmed sugar to each cup of fruit. Cook quickly until it "jells" when tested on a cold saucer.

Note: This is an economical, quickly make, delicious jam.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Fraser, 50 Chase Rd., Turramurra, N.S.W.

ECONOMY STEAK DINNER

One and a half pounds bladebone steak cut in one piece, 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion or $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic finely minced, 1 dessertspoon butter or other shortening, milk, 2 cups cooked mashed parsnips, 1 dessertspoon meat extract, salt, pepper, parsley to garnish.

Mix crumbs, parsley, carrot, onion or garlic, salt and pepper. Add melted butter or other shortening, bind with milk. Place on steak, roll, and form into shape of a rolled roast. Secure with fine skewers. Place in greased cake-tin (7in. or 8in. size), sides lined with 1 layer of greased paper. Beat nearly all meat extract into mashed parsnips. Pack around sides and over top of meat. Brush with balance of meat extract. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. Turn on to hot serving-dish, garnish with parsley. Cut in slices to serve.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. G. Knights, 449 Pitt St., Sydney.



HERE is an unusual and appetising service for rolled seasoned steak. You'll like the coating of mashed parsnip flavored with meat extract. See recipe for economy steak dinner on this page.

FOR FIT
AND
STYLE



NILE
SINGLETS, SLEEPS
AND TRUNKS



For active men there is no more snug-fitting underwear than NILE. There's a perfect fit for every figure. Fashioned from the finest Egyptian yarns, Nile underwear stands up to constant laundering... gives lasting satisfaction.

A PIONEER PRODUCT

MADE BY
THE MAKERS
OF NILE
HANDKERCHIEFS

NILE-64

LIFESAVER AT FIVE YEARS



WARREN Trowsdale, aged 5, of Melbourne, Victoria, started life as a blue baby. This summer, he learned to swim in seven days, quickly tackled diving and lifesaving. It's all one to the game little ex-blue baby. "Warren's as bright as a button" declared his mother. "Always ready for his meals, and I see that he gets a daily ration of Vegemite." Vegemite is an essential for children's diets—a delicious yeast extract that's nearly three times richer in Vitamin B₁ than other similar extracts. Vegemite is rich in niacin too, and contains no starch. See that kiddies have Vegemite every day.

V010



Over open fires it is easy to use Heinz ready-to-serve foods. Just heat and eat. And what delicious meals you get. A man-size plateful of Heinz Braised Beef Stew, a steaming plate of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans or Heinz Ready-to-serve Macaroni in Meat Sauce will win cheers from that ravenous family. Take *plenty*—you're going to enjoy them.

Give Mother a break!

Whatever kind of holiday you plan—in the hills, at the beach, or cruising—let Heinz do most of the cooking. Take Heinz ready-to-serve foods with you. Take lots of them. They're so convenient... so easy to prepare. Use them for snacks... to add extra savour to fish or game... for complete meals. You'll eat well every day and have more time for holiday fun. Stock up now with *plenty* of each variety.



Afloat or ashore, still eat well. Enjoy lusty, satisfying meals of Heinz ready-to-serve foods... ready in a jiffy when and where you want them. When the weather is hot, you'll find that Heinz Oven-Baked Beans

and Heinz delicious Cooked Spaghetti are wonderful with salads and cold meat. And, don't forget Heinz Tomato Sauce and Heinz 57 Sauce to give all dishes that *extra* zest. Happy holiday! Happy Christmas!



Cool evenings in the hills call for plenty of Heinz Home-Style Soups—especially when the children are tired and hungry after active days. You'll all appreciate a plate of hot, sustaining Heinz Tomato Soup followed by one of the other Heinz ready-to-eat meals. Take some of each variety. They're so easy and quick to prepare.



P.S. Don't forget
Heinz Strained Foods
for Baby

HEINZ

ready-to-serve FOODS
for Holidays..



"Oh NO! Please not THAT" cried

Letty Lettuce



"That's a very tempting salad, but please don't make it taste the same as every other salad you've ever made! Please don't give me that old-fashioned recipe you mix at home, Mrs. Housewife! Why not make your salads EXTRA tasty... EXTRA nourishing with Kraft Mayonnaise!"

"Here's the way—
KRAFT MAYONNAISE!"



"This new, improved Kraft Mayonnaise has a new kind of flavour which makes any salad taste TWICE as delicious! Smoother, creamier too — and look at this lovely re-usable Swanky Swig glass!"



KRAFT MAYONNAISE is made
just the way you *LIKE* your mayonnaise



NEW!

IMPROVED!

WONDER FLAVOUR!

If you've never tasted Kraft Mayonnaise, or haven't tried it lately, you've a wonderful taste sensation coming!

Made with choice, wholesome ingredients from a master recipe, here is a true mayonnaise. Not "oily"—but with a degree of sweetness which is "just right". Here's a new, exciting piquancy of flavour... a really tasty mayonnaise everyone enjoys.

Also—Kraft Mayonnaise stays fresh to the last delicious drop in its gay, re-usable "Swanky Swig" glass. Get a jar of Kraft Mayonnaise from your grocer today—and you'll never bother to make your own mayonnaise again. Never!

Ask for **KRAFT MAYONNAISE**

— the finest Salad Dressing of all!
5oz. "Swanky Swigs" and 12oz. Economical Jars

Don't take risks on holiday



ANDREW, year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Southon, Bronte, N.S.W.



JUDITH, six-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Richard, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.



LEE, year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Ashover, Randwick.



MERYL, five-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lentfer, Northmead, N.S.W.



MARGARET ANN, seven-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Scott, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.



DEBORAH MARY, six-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Rudd, Pymble.

When there are babies and small children in the family, holiday times can present many problems.

If the location for the holiday is to take you out of reach of the family doctor, be ready for little emergencies and upsets.

Plan water, milk, and food supplies, and take a well-stocked first-aid kit.

Water Supply: Contaminated water can cause typhoid. When motoring or hiking carry a canvas water-bag and a supply of boiled water for a baby or toddler.

Sunburn: All skins cannot take the same amount of exposure to the direct rays of the sun, so beware! Sunburn can cause severe illness and the same symptoms as extensive fire burns. Methylated spirit applied frequently to sunburnt parts is cooling, usually prevents blistering.

Stroke: This can be prevented by making children wear shady, dark linen hats with a flap to protect the back of the neck and spine.

Seven little Australians

The mothers of the healthy babies pictured on this page attended our Mothercraft Service Bureau before their babies were born.

All were enthusiastic in carrying out the expert advice given on pre-natal and post-natal care. They report that their babies have never given them a moment's worry or trouble.

Tick-bite: Remove tick, which usually can be seen as a small dark object projecting from the skin, as quickly and as completely as possible with a small pair of tweezers. If the tick has burrowed in deep, apply methylated spirit or peroxide before removing. If there is swelling, pain, or stiffness get immediate medical help.

Snake-bite: Act promptly! Tie a ligature round the limb above the bite. Scarify bite by quickly making cuts with a razor blade to cause bleeding and get rid of the poison. You can suck the poison out—but don't do it if you have a cut or sore on lip or in mouth. Rub in permanganate of potash. Go for a doctor.

Chapters on emergencies, holiday risks, childish illnesses, and nursery complaints are to be found in the parentcraft book "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A.

This 295-page book, which is a valuable and ideal gift for every young mother, is obtainable from our Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, or from leading city bookshops in all capital cities. Price 7/6. Postage 44d.



JUDITH LYNNE, two-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Pitt, Hurstville, N.S.W.



TO SUIT THE SUN

A REMNANT of cotton fabric makes this glamorous and really practical sunsuit.

Any girl can easily make this smart French sunsuit in a few hours.

THE shape can be easily adapted to your figure by adjusting the darts.

Cut out and tack for a try-on before machining. You will need 1 yds. 36in. material, 5 hooks and eyes, 1 button.

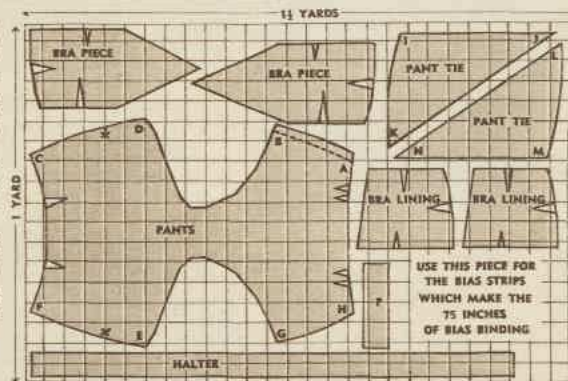
Cut a paper pattern from the diagram, keeping in mind that each square represents 2 inches. Suit is designed to fit 36in. bust and 39in. hips. If you are smaller, make the necessary adjustments when you have tacked the garments up.

PANTS

Using material as indicated make 75in. of bias binding by cutting strips 1in. wide diagonally across and joining together.

Machine darts and bind leg edges. Turn in flap along dotted line and hem on inside. Hem round tie-pieces, leaving edges JK and LN unhemmed.

Take edges FE, HG of pants and JK of tie-pieces and machine all



PATTERN CHART for sunsuit. Each square equals 2 inches.

three together. Bring forward tie-piece and machine flat. Neaten edge below points marked X on inside. Machine together edges CD and LM.

Take piece P and turn in short ends. Turn in one long end. Place this turned-in edge against seam with lower end at point X and with raw edge inwards. Machine near edge. Fold in half lengthwise and tack raw edge to seam on other side forming flap for fastener. Neaten edge below point X.

Bring the tie-piece forward and machine flat on to flap. Keeping tie-pieces out of way bind round waist edge. Sew hooks and eyes on to side-edge of front piece and flap fastening.

BRASSIERE

Machine darts of brassiere pieces and linings. With wrong sides outside and darts corresponding, machine round top and bottom edges 1in. in. Turn right way and press. Hem round tie-pieces and hem undarted edge of linings on to pieces. Fold halter in half lengthwise. Turn in raw edges and tack all round. Put into position round neck and pin the ends of one side. Mark where brassiere pieces should go. Undo the tackings there and insert brassiere edges. Retack and machine round all edges of the halter.

Tie brassiere as comfortable, bring together edges directly below tie and sew neatly.

Make button and buttonhole at end of halter.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS:

AFTER Christmas, burn your tree with due ceremony instead of letting it lie unloved in the back lane. It's great fun for the children, and the ashes will be good for the garden.

BEFORE you pluck your Christmas duck, dip it in hot water, then wrap in a clean sugar bag or a towel for 10 to 15 minutes. Feathers will easily rub off.

CHRISTMAS is no time for accidents. Don't burn tiny tree lights when there is no one near to watch them.

COINS must be well sterilised in boiling water before going into the pudding. Small charms will also add to the children's delight.

IT'S a good idea to keep a few small, wrapped gifts on hand for the unexpected guest, and it saves embarrassing moments.



SHATTERED Christmas-tree ball? Pick up all those tiny, hard-to-get fragments with a little dampened cotton-wool or cleansing tissue. Saves fingers from cuts, too.

I WENT TO LIVE IN TIMOR WITH 5 SERVANTS TO DO MY HOUSEWORK. NOW I'M BACK IN SYDNEY I HAVE ONLY ONE—A PACKET OF RINSO—BUT MY WASH HAS NEVER LOOKED SO WHITE!

Mrs. J. M. Bell
4 Cowper Street,
RANDWICK, N.S.W.

Its thicker, richer suds make

Rinso best for everything

For whites, coloureds, dishes...

2 OUT OF 3 HOUSEWIVES USE RINSO WITH ITS THICKER, RICHER SUDS

These housewives have tried Rinso and seen for themselves that it really does get clothes whiter and brighter than brand-new... because of the new magic in Rinso's thicker, richer suds. According to a big survey just completed, no fewer than two out of three housewives use Rinso.

A BOON TO BUSY MOTHERS

MY LITTLE GIRLS' DRESSES ARE ALWAYS IN THE TUB—BUT THE COLOURS COME UP SMILING, THANKS TO RINSO, I NEVER RECEIVED COMPLIMENTS ON MY WASHING TILL I STARTED USING RINSO

Mrs. M. Loe, 55 Lytle Street,
WEST BRISBANE, VIC.

WASHING UP IS A PLEASURE

NOW I USE RINSO! EVEN THE GREASY DISHES FROM A ROAST DINNER ARE NO TROUBLE AT ALL IN RINSO'S LOVELY THICK SUDS

Mrs. Janet Scott, Yarraba Street,
Camp Hill, STH. BRISBANE, Q'LD.

SCIENTIFIC PROOF:

It's a scientific fact that the better the suds the brighter the wash. Rinso gives up to 30% more suds than other products recommended for washing-up. That's why Rinso is best for whites, coloureds, dishes... everything.

After washing-up RINSO SUDS ARE STILL THICK

After same time OTHER SUDS ARE VERY FLAT

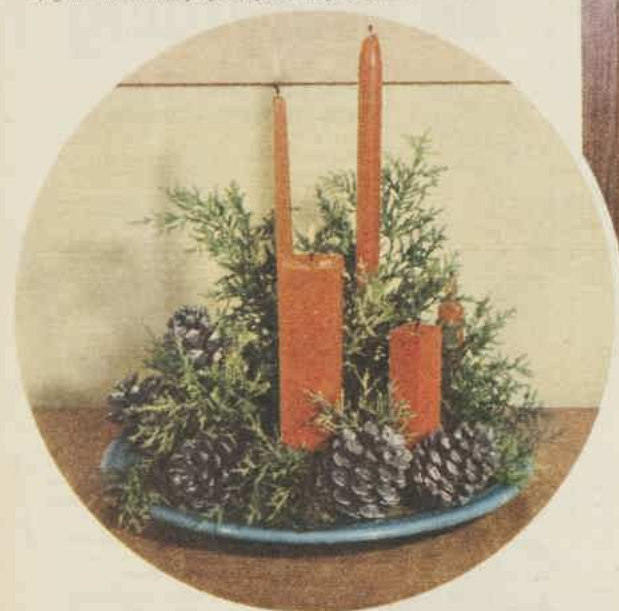
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Christmas Touches

★ Give your home the Christmas touch with decorations that are not run-of-the-mill. Your hands will find the secret of how to do it if you use these ideas for guidance.



MODERN MANTELPIECE. S-shape arrangement of greenery illustrates new vogue for definite line of decorations. We've used leaves of globe artichoke, sprays of pinus insignis, painted cones, red bow.



CHRISTMAS WREATH (above) is made of pine foliage, painted cones, tied with string to circle of wire. Ribbon finish.

FESTIVE TRAY (left) for table, window-sill, sideboard. Red candles surrounded by cypress in sand and supported by stones. Cone finish.



BASKET filled with greenery, pine cones, baubles, or scraps of tinsel can carry the holiday atmosphere out on to the verandah or terrace.



FOR HALL TABLE OR NICHE. Snowman is thick cardboard shape covered with glued-on cotton wool. Eyes, nose are berry pins, mouth a semi-circle of red paper. Hat is cardboard. Door decoration (below) is gay bruch-hat used basket-style, suspended from knocker, filled with greenery, baubles, finished with bow.



F6241

F6242

Fashion PATTERNS

Pattern for beginners

F6242.—Little girl's frock in sizes 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in. lengths for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. contrasting material. Special pattern price, 1/6.

F6239.—A smart suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/9.

F6240.—A frock which comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust, and requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/3.

F6241.—Frock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust, requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/3.

F6190.—Playsuit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. contrasting material, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. material for bodice lining. Price 2/3.

F6192.—Sun frock and jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price, 2/8.

SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17).

Box 4998, G.P.O., Sydney.
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